THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers.
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1855. WHOLE NO. 1746.

Original Novelet.

SIX WEEKS OF COURTSHIP.

BY EMILIE F. CARLEN,
Author of "One Year of Wedlock," "The Bride of Omberg," etc., etc.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH, FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ELBERT PERCE.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VI.

THE WIDOW.

The following morning the widow was seated in her commodious, elegantly carved, and softly cushioned, ebony arm-chair, in a room whose windows were darkened by heavy curtains, and whose dreary aspect was rendered still more gloomy, by the dark colored paper with which the walls were hung. Matilda Bendelvik was beautiful, and her loveliness was even heightened by the proximity of the spectator. Her countenance was clouded by an expression of sorrow and anxiety which rendered it doubly interesting. No person could behold the grief depicted on her charming features without experiencing a desire to dispel it.

Matilda was not employed in any light employment calculated to dissipate her grief. While one of her hands toyed with a tassel of the chair cushion, in the other she held a golden locket, fashioned in the shape of a heart, and engraved with quaint designs and figures.

Perhaps this was the vase that contained the embalmed heart of her husband.

But whether Matilda's grief were true or false, the amulet, at all events, was apparently of great value in her estimation, for she repeatedly pressed it to her lips with passionate ardor, and her tears fell thick and fast upon it. But as if this exhibition of love and tenderness were not sufficient, she opened the locket, and extracted a lock of yellow, curly hair, which was doubtless one of her bitterest and holiest mementoes. She now wept loudly; and her tears did not cease flowing until the door of the apartment was slightly opened. Immediately the lock of hair was restored to its resting place; the locket quickly disappeared in the place appropriated by the weaker sex for the concealment of precious things, and Matilda prepared herself to receive the intruder, who was no less a personage than Mademoiselle Sophia, who had thus unceremoniously interrupted her mistresses' meditations.

"Oh, my dear lady, why do you weep so much?" Matilda did not display any displeasure at her servant's abrupt entrance. "When a body," continued Sophia, "even for half-an-hour, I look like a perfect fright! But, madame, you can cry all day, and all night, too, I warrant, and not injure your beauty in the least."

"Sophia," said Matilda, coldly, "I thought you had a better memory."

"Ah, madame, if I, whom everybody considers nobody, should speak the truth to you, you should not be angry. When we first arrived here, it was so lonely and gloomy, that there was not the slightest inducement to appear beautiful; but now it is entirely a different affair."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing, only I have discovered that human beings, at least, reside in our neighborhood."

"Human beings have always lived here."

"Certainly; but only those of an inferior class."

"And now?"

"An individual of a higher order has arrived. I met a young gentleman, yesterday morning, so handsome—so handsome, that he looked exactly like one of those beautifully little sugar images. You must certainly have seen them,—little sugar angels, sold in every confectioner's store on Christmas Eve."

"Was he of fair complexion?" inquired Matilda, with a slight blush.

"No, he is dark, like an Italian, and such sparkling eyes; oh, you cannot imagine what beautiful eyes he has!"

"Why do you disturb me with this nonsense? What do I care for this stranger's appearance?"

"But, madame, I assure you—"

"Silence, and do not inform me of any more of your discoveries."

"Yes, madame, I will be silent; I will not forget my proper position. But I supposed it would be as you told me, that I should be more your companion than your servant when we should arrive at this lonely place."

"You may be so when I feel inclined for your companionship, and when that happens I will inform you."

Matilda waved her hand, and Sophia, not daring to reply, left the apartment. As soon as Matilda was alone, she knelt down upon a velvet-covered cushion near the sofa, and fixed her eyes on a portrait which was hanging against the wall. It was the portrait of her late husband. And had Matilda been a Catholic, and the portrait a picture of a saint, she could not have prayed more devoutly. But whether she prayed to be united with the original of the portrait, or whether she petitioned for something else, we cannot determine; suffice it to say, that her tears were those of convulsive despair, rather than those of that deep and earnest grief which causes us to hope soon to meet the beloved ones who have passed into eternity. Again she was disturbed. Sophia entered the room, and replied to Matilda's glance of displeasure by stating that Mr. Wallenberg, the Rector, had called, and requested the honor of seeing her. An expression first of discontent—which was anything but flattering to the Rector—and then of satisfaction, passed rapidly over Matilda's countenance; but resuming her usual composure, she said:

"Tell the Rector to wait for me, I will be with him in a moment."

CHAPTER VII.

CONSOLER NO. 1.

Ten minutes afterwards Matilda entered the parlor; but she stepped back in astonishment when her eyes encountered the form, not of the intellectual and modest Rector whom she had seen the day before; but of a tall and dark complexioned individual of a bold bearing, and a vivacious aspect.

"My servant must have misunderstood you, or I did not hear aright. She certainly announced that Rector Wallenberg had honored me with a visit."

"She did as she was requested," replied Victor. "I stand as his representative; he had the fortune of knowing you, and as I had not that pleasure, I assumed his name. I introduce myself to you as Victor Wallenberg, the lawyer, your neighbor, and most humble servant."

Matilda bowed graciously, but with dignity, and said, as she seated herself:

"Be seated, and inform me why I have the honor of this visit. I have but a few moments to spare."

"A few moments," repeated Victor—N. B. to himself—"I must make the best of them to capture the prize before Edwin sails in and exposes me as a pirate."

The cause of Victor's visit was simply this: He considered it his duty, as Jacob of old did when he deprived Esau of his birthright, to rob his brother of his advantage, and accordingly determined to visit the widow in her sanctuary, without Edwin's knowledge. Victor experienced no remorse at this conduct, for he thought, that in love, as well as in war, stratagem and deceit win the day. In the meantime it is hardly necessary to mention that, notwithstanding his inner reflections, his lips were kept in active motion.

"I am commissioned," said he, "to —— but I will inform you of my commission hereafter. Will you grant me the favor of ten minutes conversation on other topics?"

"I presume," said Matilda, seriously, "that you are acquainted with my circumstances of life, and I had hoped that no person would intrude on my privacy for the sole purpose of gratifying his curiosity."

"Ah, madame, you are too severe. Command me to leave you; blame me for my boldness in endeavoring to introduce myself to you, but do not accuse me of unpardonable curiosity. That would be a desecration of yourself, and I shall never forget the respect due to your sex, your situation, and particularly your present defenceless condition."

"You are frank, indeed; but give me a single proof—"

"Ask a hundred!"

"I shall be satisfied with one. Have the kindness to leave my house, and never again honor me with a call."

"Never?"

"I live here alone, for the sake of being alone, and wish to remain so as long as I abide here."

"I will obey you; but first permit me to convince you that I did not come here for mere curiosity, but for—"

Matilda's countenance expressed an interrogation point.

"I have already had the pleasure of seeing you before."

Matilda manifested much uneasiness and impatience; her face was flushed, and she looked at her watch as she bit her lip with vexation.

"My presence troubles you—I will relinquish my place for a happier mortal than myself. The only thing that now remains is for me to beg your pardon for my intrusion, and to say—but you will be more angry with me if I speak it, therefore I will hold my peace."

Matilda turned pale at Victor's words, and replied hastily:

"Sir, you asked me for ten minutes' conversation, which I refused; I will now grant them to you to explain the meaning of your allusion."

"A thousand thanks!"

Victor, who had remained standing until now, seated himself; but at such a distance that even the most fastidious person could find no fault with his behaviour, yet his general deportment resembled that of a man who was about to grant a boon, instead of craving one.

"I am waiting for you, sir."

"I intended to say, madame, that you are suffering, and you are unhappy; you are alone and love your solitude. Knowing this to be the case, it is my determination, with or without your consent, to come to your aid. No one can be so much in love with his own sorrow, that he is not at all willing to accept means to dissipate it, when they are offered him at the proper moment. This moment has now arrived for you. You are surprised, undoubtedly, at my boldness in mingling myself with your affairs; but do not esteem it boldness. However, be that as it may, if I have only caused you to forget your affliction even for a moment, I am doubly rewarded."

"I presume you are an Original; and such people might sometimes be considered impertinent; indeed, your impudence has entertained me, but I declare to you that I will not allow you to proceed any further with your efforts in my behalf."

"Should you yourself urge me to proceed, it would be no longer a virtue to do so; it would be my duty. But I know that you will not give me such a command, and that all my desires and endeavors are circumscribed to the wish to convince you that they are prompted by a manlike and an uninterested motive. I am fully satisfied by the thought that a truly noble woman would judge me in this manner."

"You believe, then—"

"That, from this day, you cannot prevent my image from frequently intruding on your solitude; that, from this day, a certain dissipation in your thoughts will take place, wholly against your own desire, of course, but that matters not, for only during your hours of grief will my friendly image appear to chase away your affliction, even against your own inclination."

"You are, indeed, generous to take all this trouble for a person entirely unknown to you. But as in all probability it will not be so easy for us to make any further arrangements, I must say that—"

"Oh, I beseech you, desecrate not your lips with a falsehood; say not to me, that after I am gone, you will not devote a single moment to the recollection of our first meeting."

"I did not intend to say that. On the contrary, I am convinced that I shall remember you; but—"

"But?"

"That recollection will never assume a romantic aspect. Of this be assured. You cannot, if you reason calmly, but believe that your intrusion here should now come to an end."

"You are, in verity, a good Christian, madame, to arrive at such a conclusion before I had at least expressed my opinion on the subject," replied Victor, blushing deeply.

"Yes, I am a good Christian, but above all, I am a prudent and candid woman. If you have placed yourself in an awkward position, by plunging rashly into this adventure, it is your own affair. I have warned you, and I will add further, that I will never consider you anything else than a most vain and foolish man."

"Cannot you at least say eccentric?"

"That I could not say at the cost of truth; although it is a better sounding expression. You are very eccentric, sir, and for good reasons, because you force yourself to perform a part which is entirely in contradiction to your desires."

"Good, good, madame. You have the right to judge me as you please; I have the right to the consolation that you will never forget me."

"The ten minutes," said Matilda, "have already become fifteen, and I must entreat you to dispatch your actual business with me as hastily as practicable."

"Ah, right, my brother's affair—"

At this instant Mademoiselle Sophia opened the door of the parlor, and announced:

"Rector Wallenberg!"

"Indeed!" said Matilda.

"The deuce!" muttered Victor; "now my star is on the wane; but I believe, nevertheless, that I have made good progress in my cause."

Consequently he said:

"As Edwin himself is here, my presence is superfluous, and it therefore becomes my duty to recommend you to him."

And while the Rector and the widow were interchanging their salutations, our lawyer made his exit without heeding the undisguised astonishment evinced by both, and by Matilda especially, at his abrupt withdrawal.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONSOLER NO. 2.

Edwin Wallenberg gazed earnestly into the face of the beautiful Matilda, who, with downcast eyes, awaited the moment when her new guest should open the conversation.

And Edwin commenced:

"I was not aware that my brother had the fortune of being a visitor at your house. Had I known it, I should have requested him to introduce me, for I can hardly hope that you can remember a personage so insignificant as myself after only one short interview."

"Ah, Mr. Wallenberg, I have, by no means, forgotten your friendly offer to furnish me with books; but I am astonished that you were not acquainted with the presence of your brother here."

"Why should I have known it?—if you will permit the question."

"Because you authorized him to call here."

"I authorized him?"

"Certainly."

"There must be a mistake here," said the Rector, frowning slightly.

"Oh, no; he at first announced himself as Edwin Wallenberg—"

"And why did I authorize him to call?"

"He had not time to tell me, for your sudden appearance interrupted him, and rendered it no longer necessary, as he himself said."

"Ah, madame, I know not what to say in excuse for the boldness of my brother. The only apology I can find lies in his frivolous, almost childish nature; he is not wicked, he is foolish, that is all."

"He is very prepossessing in appearance," answered Matilda, artlessly; and she said nothing in condemnation of Victor, for she did not admire Edwin's manner when speaking of his brother's faults.

"I appreciate the gentle reproach contained in your words," said Edwin, "and I hope that it will not lower me in your estimation when I repeat that my brother is foolish, and that I will neither forgive nor hate him for the trick he played upon me."

"Ah, did he do that?"

"He must have done so. I confidentially informed him of our interview yesterday, and he made use of my name, unknown to me, to secure himself an entrance to your house."

"That is unpleasant indeed, and I am sorry that I have been the object of a conversation, which—"

"Which did not contain a single word that could offend you in the slightest degree; but, madame, let us change the conversation from this unpleasant subject. Will you allow me to show you the list of books I have prepared for you?"

"Thank you, you may leave it with me, and I will mark such books as I desire, and then send for them—as you proposed yesterday."

"That is to say, the incautious behaviour of my brother falls upon my shoulders. You do not consider me sufficiently worthy to assist you in your selec ion, or to grant me the hope that I may hereafter visit you, and in pleasant conversation upon the books you have read, aid in dispelling your gloom."

"It would be impossible for me to fulfil that hope."

"Impossible?"

"Yes, not only impossible, but above all things, improper; your visits here would soon give rise to gossip, if not to scandal."

"What, in this almost deserted neighborhood?"

"You cannot but know, Mr. Wallenberg, that an unprotected woman living in this neighborhood, must keep aloof from the society of any one man if she would keep her reputation blameless."

"I can understand that; but I think that your circumstances place you in an entirely different position."

"No matter, my own sentiments are paramount."

"Rather say your aversion to an intruding stranger."

Matilda smiled mournfully.

"Believe me, Mr. Wallenberg" said she, "I would not give the right to any chance acquaintance to interrupt my solitude."

"Very well, there is but one point more on which I am unenlightened. You said it was above all things improper. Have you any other reasons?"

"Yes, one—and that is your good intentions will be of no avail. I have no wish to change my mode of living. The desire to live as I do, is the only thing that has any interest to me now. Have you anything further to say?"

"I will convince you that you are wrong—and, if you will grant me the pleasure of meeting you to-morrow, when you take your usual morning walk, I will, I think, succeed in proving to you the justice of my argument."

"I cannot grant your request."

"Will you then not grant me the hope of seeing you again?"

"Sir, I will reply to you from the bottom of my heart; and I trust you will not allow me to speak in vain."

"Speak—command. I shall be but too happy to obey."

"It is not a command, but a request."

"And it is?"

"Leave me to oblivion. Do not pursue me with your entreaties; and do not be angry with me, because I have refused your kind offer."

"At this moment, at least, it is not possible for me to forget you; and to pursue you, as you strongly term it, would, after this request be still more impossible."

"I anticipated this reply, and as I have no natural protector, who should thank you in my behalf, I frankly say that the esteem and respect you have evinced for me, have won my deepest gratitude."

"And I," replied the Rector, with much emotion, "entreat your pardon, for having intruded myself upon you, in a manner which might be considered disrespectful; but I assure you that my motives were purely charitable."

He bowed deeply, and was upon the point of taking his departure without further words, when Matilda, with an expression of mingled satisfaction and displeasure, detained him by saying,

"Mr. Wallenberg, I—I mean circumstances—perhaps I have offended you. Hereafter—"

She ceased.

"Ah, then I can hope that—"

"No, no, hope for nothing, except my gratitude. And one thing more. If you have any respect for an unfortunate widow—do not watch my movements."

These words were spoken in a trembling voice, and with an expression of entreaty.

"Fear not, madame, a man of my character can never become a spy."

A deep blush mantled Matilda's countenance.

"Thank, you," replied she, with an expression of gratitude, and a glance that filled Edwin's heart with a novel sensation. But with another and a deeper bow, he took his departure without further delay.

Several moments elapsed after the Rector's disappearance, and the widow remained in her seat, with her head resting upon her hand, in deep meditation. When she raised her head, her eyes were suffused with tears.

"Ah, how will this end? If it was possible, I would immediately depart from this place—immediately depart! No, no, I talk heedlessly. How great are my sufferings!" she added, more calmly, as she placed her hand over her restless heart. "Night and day, this picture is before me. My life is but a single thought, and I abhor anything that presents itself to dispel that thought. Why should these men offer me their unsought-for consolations; they will not be satisfied with this alone, at least one of them will not, for his unheard-of boldness in endeavoring to compel me to become interested in him, proves that he will not rest satisfied until his ends are accomplished. Oh, if this had happened in former times, I might have encouraged him; but now all is changed, romance has no charms for me."

But as Matilda uttered the last word, her cheeks glowed with blushes, although she was alone. A slight sigh passed over her lips, and she sank back in her chair, and buried her face in her hands.

"I thought you rang, madame," said Mademoiselle Sophia, thrusting her mischievous face into the parlor.

"Why do you interrupt me?" inquired the persecuted lady, whose countenance evinced the highest displeasure.

"Oh, this is the way I am rewarded for my good intentions!"

"Listen to me—since you are here, I will give you a command."

"A command? Why do you use such severe expressions? Did you not promise me that I should be your companion?"

"I did so because at that time you never allowed yourself to be too familiar with me. Be silent, and hear me. Once for all, I command you never to admit either of the two gentlemen who called this morning—for—" these words were spoken in a tone of firm decision—"for I am satisfied with my lonely life, and I am determined that it shall not be altered."

CHAPTER IX.

THE LETTERS.

The next morning, the widow received two letters, one enclosed within the other. The first one she opened was from Edwin Wallenberg, and its contents were as follows:

"HONORED MADAME:

"Yesterday you forbade me from visiting you. I obey. You forbade me from meeting you during your walks. I obey. You forbade me from watching your movements. I obey this command also; but there is one thing which you neglected to include in your catalogue of requests, and that was to deny me the privilege of writing to you.

"Therefore I make use of the only method of addressing you that remains to me. In the first place, I urgently entreat you not to cast aside my letter without reading it; and if I should be so fortunate as to secure your attention, I respectfully request you to pardon me for encroaching on your time. I have seen you only four times. At church; during your last excursion on the lake; in the grove; and finally at your own house. But I must say that those four times have produced a stronger effect on my mind than would have been the case, had I seen another lady forty times.

"I love you, madame.

"I pray you not to cast my letter aside—you will discover that this confession is necessary to justify the singularity of my conduct. Love justifies everything. I know that my conduct requires a thousand apologies; but I also know that should I make them, they would produce no favorable impression on your mind. But if you will view every circumstance in a favorable aspect, you cannot but perceive that my frankness was perfectly unavoidable. I have now given you a full explanation of the cause of my behaviour. Honor compelled me to take this step.

"I repeat it, madame, I love you.

"My love is not passionate; not audacious; not frantic; on the contrary, it is as respectful and earnest as any man ever felt for a being as perfect as you are.

"After making this confession—perhaps it may extinguish my hopes forever, for however strange it may appear, women love to be wooed with passion, rather than with warm affection—nothing remains to me but to add that my deep affection, my sympathy for you is so unselfish that I suffer not for myself alone, but at the thought that you are in an affliction which I am not permitted to alleviate. This may sound selfish to you, nevertheless; but I swear by all my hopes of future happiness that such a sentiment is far from my heart. If you should continue to remain alone, your sorrow, which surely is unreasonable, will consume your beauty, and even your very existence.

"Hear me, my desires are few; but yet they are indescribably great. Allow me to see you occasionally; permit me to write to you frequently, and reward my devotion by an occasional answer.

"Never, I assure you, shall the word love be mentioned, either by letter or word of mouth. Instead of a lover, I shall be to you a father, a brother and a friend—I know not whether you have such already; but, if not, I will endeavor to fill their places faithfully. And now my letter is nearly finished. If you will look upon it in a spirit of gentleness and mercy, I am content.

"My brother has confessed his fault, and has received my pardon. I hope that he will never use my name again in a manner calculated to arouse your displeasure.

"Your faithful
"EDWIN WALLENBERG."

The other letter was from Victor, and contained the following:

"MADAME:

"As I was fearful that you had forbidden Mademoiselle Sophia to receive any letter from me, and as I perceived that my brother's fortunate star, although somewhat on the wane, as I learned from overhearing his murmurs of disappointment, was, nevertheless, nearer the zenith than my own, I determined again to make use of his influence over you. I entered his room and discovered that he was writing a letter, and from his movements I judged that it was intended for you. I therefore hastily returned to my room to pen these few lines, and as he always seals his letters in a careless manner, I shall manage to insert this in his note unknown to him. I should not have made this declaration, had I not feared that you would suppose my brother had charitably permitted me to enclose my letter within his. Oh, no, he is not so charitable! But now that I have my letter fairly commenced, I can proceed with more courage. I write these lines kneeling, not metaphorically speaking, but literally. I declare solemnly that the earth does not contain a more repentant sinner than I am at this moment. Oh, how much pain I feel at the thought that I have offended you, and the pain is increased by the knowledge that I have deserved your anger, your contempt, and even your abhorrence. My visit at your house and my impertinence I could almost fancy a wild dream, if your words of anger did not still linger in my ears, and convince me that it was a terrible reality. I have but one method to make you understand the cause of my behaviour, and that is by saying that I belong to that unfortunate class of beings termed rattle-heads. I firmly believed heaven had selected me for your comforter. I had sworn solemnly to adore you, not with an ideal love, but with the firm determination of winning you at all hazards.

"Ah, madame, that was a dream. When I awoke, I remembered—I always forget it in my dreams—that I have been betrothed to my little cousin, for two years.

"Oh, how my Bertha would suffer if she but knew of the faithlessness of her betrothed!

"Pardon me, madame, for imposing my confidence upon you; but I do so for the purpose of assuring you that I shall never return to my former childish passion.

"And allow me to declare that the purpose of my visit to you was far from wishing to offend you. How could I wish to offend one of the most worthy representatives of her sex? No, believe me, my every word and action was caused by my love for you, and if such a boon is possible, forgive and forget my folly!

"Ever your slave,
"VICTOR WALLENBERG.

"P. S. During the short time since I last saw you, I have remained at home, and shall do so until your anger is appeased. I shall redden with shame when I shall again see you. My penitence shall continue throughout my entire life."

Two hours afterwards Matilda despatched two letters, in answer to the foregoing correspondence.

"MR. EDWIN WALLENBERG:

"I cannot but respect your frankness, and the delicate esteem which you have evinced for me, and therefore I hasten to give a decisive answer to your letter.

"I am bound by duty to continue my present life. I have sworn to remain as I am until death.

"Nothing can persuade me to alter this determination.

"Yet it lies in your power to render me still more unhappy than I am. If you will not cease in your endeavors to prove to me the sincerity of your sympathy, I shall be compelled to abandon the asylum which I have chosen, and seek for another.

"MATILDA BENDELVIK."

"MR. VICTOR WALLENBERG:

"You are, I believe, prepared to learn that I shall ever consider you a very silly man. Therefore it is unnecessary that I should repeat my sentiments. I pity Bertha, as well for the present as for the future. As far as the drama in which you wished me to play a part, is concerned, I object to it for two reasons: First, because you have committed a new crime, and second, because I intend to send you on a chivalrous errand of an entirely different nature.

"Ride to the city, this evening, and bring a letter to me which must have arrived there to-day. In case I may depend upon your politeness to arrive there early in the morning, I can, perhaps, receive the letter to-morrow evening.

"I do not consider this punishment too severe for your sin against me.

"MATILDA BENDELVIK."

After the young widow had finished writing, she glanced rapidly over the contents of the last letter, which might have been considered almost roguish, had not the mournful expression of her eyes spoken to the contrary.

"Thank God for this relief," said she, to herself.

"I am saved from at least seven hours of anxiety. So, he loves a certain Bertha likewise. Well, the simpleton should be compelled to travel the whole night through, at all events."

CHAPTER X.

THE POSTMAN.

The vanity of a woman is certainly no god; but unfortunately, however, it is generally a faithful prophet.

Matilda had said to herself: "So he loves his cousin Bertha likewise. Well, the simpleton shall be compelled to travel the whole night through, at all events."

Victor actually rode all night long. And he performed the laborious duty with eager joy, although he had a cousin Bertha, the sister of Hilda, the Rector's first love. But Bertha was as ignorant of her betrothal with her cousin as the giddy headed Victor was himself.

They had not seen each other for at least ten years. But the widow's crafty lover thought it a magnificent idea to parade a former lover before her eyes, and therefore made use of Bertha's name. His betrothal he thought would be welcome news to the widow, and after he had once gained a good footing with her, he could laugh at this little deception.

There was one, however, who, for the moment, at least, enjoyed but little satisfaction at the contemplation of his future prospects, and that one naturally, was the Rector, who was awakened early in the morning by the sound of Victor's horse as he galloped into the yard.

It was exactly five o'clock.

Edwin was not aware of his brother's night journey, and he took upon himself the trouble of arising from his bed, and, dressed in nothing but his night-gown, he raised the window and looked forth to ascertain who had come so early and with such haste.

"What does this mean?" he muttered. "Victor is as dusty as—"

Before Edwin had finished his soliloquy, with a spring, Victor's horse stood beneath the window, which was not much elevated above the ground.

"Are you inquisitive?" said Victor, displaying a letter with the following superscription: "To Matilda Bendelvik, Tistelvik."

"What is that?" said Edwin, stretching forth his hand.

"It is, that I have been more fortunate, than you in your security have imagined—or have you been favored with an especial commission also?"

"You have obtained that letter without her consent," replied Edwin, with unusual impetuosity.

"What do you mean?"

"Now, Victor, you assume a mocking mien. Be careful you do not carry your folly too far! A letter—"

"Which will convey a fervent petition to one of the loveliest of the lovely—I am about to take it to her, is not that natural?"

"You supplicate her!" The Rector shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

"Poor brother, I respect your unbelief. In your position it is quite pardonable."

"Hear, Victor, once for all, and seriously; where did you obtain that letter?"

"From the post-office, in the city."

"Ah, I understand, the post-master sent it to you by mistake. Some ignorant peasant perhaps who had a message to deliver here, brought the letter also."

"Without doubt, and Madame Bendelvik wrote to this peasant imploring him with the strongest words, to perform this errand for her."

"Indeed, and have you the letter?"

"Yes, certainly, the same messenger who brought you the note yesterday, gave me one also. She replied to a letter which I had written to her the day before."

"What, you would not make me believe she has opened a correspondence with one who formerly offended her?"

"I did not say that she was the person who opened the correspondence."

"What, did you dare to—"

"I only sent a little strip of paper by enclosing it in your spacious envelope."

"Indeed. You honor me exceedingly by using my name as a shield," replied Edwin, blushing with vexation.

"Shall I procure another shield?"

"By all means."

"And I reply, by stating to you that I have already found an excellent shield, or better, a talisman."

"And of what does it consist?"

"That is my secret. The result must satisfy you, and I now show you the result in this letter."

"And do you know who wrote this letter?" inquired Edwin, with a malicious smile.

"That is no affair of mine."

"If it should have been written by another and more fortunate lover—"

"What a stupid fancy!"

"What a capital idea it was to send you as a messenger!"

"Oh, what dark fancies jealousy can call up!"

"Simple-mindedness and vanity mingled can never be convinced of anything reasonable."

"I care nothing for your allusion as far as I am concerned; but you have accused a noble woman of baseness."

"Oh, no, only of an action which does honor to her wit and understanding."

"I declare that it would be base indeed if she should, at this time, when the whole neighborhood supposes that she is mourning for the death of her husband, engage in such a—"

"Poor simpleton, is it impossible, if she listens to either you or me, for her to receive attentions from a third person?"

"You can never convince me of the truth of such a base insinuation."

"Now you speak madly—'base?'" said Edwin.

"Enough. Madame Bendelvik is a pure and noble-minded woman, and I will not insult her by listening further to you."

"Well, well, allow me to look at the superscription."

"Yes, look at it, you understand such things. You can easily see that it was written by a lady, for the writing is delicate and fine."

"I grant you that."

"Are you convinced now?—and now farewell, I shall ride to Tistelvik to deliver the letter."

"You do not think that she will admit you at this early hour?"

"Oh, no, I only intend to give the letter to the first servant I meet. My reward will come in due season."

It was half-past six o'clock when the gate at Tistelvik was opened to our adventurous knight. The window blinds of the widow's apartment were partially open, and through the crevices might have been seen the fringe of a lady's night cap, the fringe and that was all; but the blinds of another window were suddenly thrown wide open, and Mademoiselle Sophia's head, decked with curl papers, over which a red silk handkerchief had been carelessly thrown, appeared in full view.

"What!" exclaimed she, "Mr. Wallenberg here so early!"

And the officious young lady, who thought it would indeed be a pity, if the gentleman should be received only by a common servant, disappeared from the window, and, having hastily removed the papers from her hair, and arranged the long ringlets satisfactorily, she sallied forth to meet the early guest. Sophia was somewhat vexed when she thought of the coolness with which Victor had invariably received her former advances; but yet she thought it would be a pleasing change in her monotonous life to make a new trial. But who can describe her angry mortification, when the young man received her with the greatest indifference possible? He presented the letter to her, and without a word or glance of farewell, turned his horse's head, and of course his own person from her, and was almost hastening away, when Sophia exclaimed:

"You are indeed very polite, Mr. Wallenberg! But do you not wish to speak to any one?"

"Oh, I spoke to the servant who admitted me; but will you have the kindness to give that letter to your mistress without delay?"

"Oh, there is no need of such haste; but, Mr. Wallenberg, will you not wait until I inform my mistress of your arrival?"

"That is unnecessary, Mademoiselle."

He gave reins to his horse, and soon disappeared from the sight of the indignant Sophia.

What the anxiously expected letter contained we know not; but we are certain that its contents must have been of a pleasing character, for during the entire day, the widow's step was light, and her countenance was cheerful.

"It is indeed pleasant, madame, to see you look so happy and cheerful," said Mademoiselle Sophia, unable to repress her astonishment.

Matilda was startled when she heard these words, and immediately resumed her usual expression of sorrow. She looked the very personification of woe.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Picture Gallery.

THE BALSHAI, GREAT THEATRE, ST. PETERSBURG.

FROM SEARS' ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTION OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

From the enjoyment which the Russians of all classes take in every species of scenic diversion, the theatre is particularly a popular amusement. During the season at St. Petersburg, which continues the whole of the winter, residents may choose between the Italian, German and Russian operas, the Russian and French plays, or the ballet, for there are always three or four foreign dramatic *corps* in that city at this time, and the performances take place every evening, at each of the imperial theatres in rotation. There are, independent of the one near the Hermitage, three large theatres in the imperial capital: the Bolshoi, or Great Theatre, (a view of which is given above,) on the Square of that name between the Moika and Catherina Canals; the Alexander Theatre, in the Nevskoi Prospekt; and the French, in the Square near the Palace of the Grand-Duke Michael. The performances at the two former are devoted to Russian and German plays, and operas, the latter to French and German dramas. The houses are spacious, very nearly semi-circular in shape and handsomely decorated; and a magnificent box for the Imperial Family occupies the centre of the first two tiers. The arrangements for the accommodation of the public are exceedingly good, every seat being numbered in such a manner as entirely to prevent confusion. The state box, however, is seldom used, the Imperial Family generally occupying one next to the stage, contiguous to that of the Grand-Duke Michael; opposite is one similarly decorated for the Ministre de la Cour. The entire pit is fitted with arm-chairs (*kreslya*), numbered on the back, the numbers commencing from the orchestra; and on obtaining a ticket at the *kassa*, on which the number of the seat is likewise specified, an usher in the imperial livery at once conducts the visitor to his appointed place, and, in case it is already occupied, ejects the intruder in the most summary manner. The ordinary price for those seats is one silver rouble, but in the two rows nearest to the stage they are two silver roubles. On extraordinary occasions, however, the public are put under extra contribution; and sometimes prices have been raised *fivefold*, an arm-chair in the pit being six silver roubles, or somewhat more than four dollars; the other prices being raised in proportion.

Original Novelet.

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER; OR, THE FATAL VOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
Author of "The Lost Heiress," "Virginia and Magdalene," "Shannondale," "The Curse of Clifton," "The Deserted Wife," etc., etc., etc.

Entered, according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXI.

ONE OF JACKO'S TRICKS.

"Of all surprising, strange, affecting things
That sorrow meets with in a world of sorrow,
The strangest sure those smiles of merriment,
Those sudden bursts of irrepressible glee,
That like the fountain of some inner gladness
Spring in the heart of childhood and its grief,
And turn its tears to laughter."

Sans Souci stood before the parlor mirror, gazing into it, seeing—not the reflected image of her own elfish figure, or pretty, witching face, with its round, polished forehead, its mocking eyes, its sunny, dancing curls, its piquant little nose, or petulant little lips—but contemplating, as through a magic glass, far down the vista of her childhood—childhood scarcely past, yet in its strong contrast to the present, seeming so distant, dim, and unreal, that her reminiscence of its days resembled more a vague dream of a pre-existence, than a rational recollection of a part of her actual life on earth. Poor Jacko was wondering "If I be I?"

Grim' sat in a leathern chair, at the farthest extremity of the room, occupied with holding a book and reading Jacquelina. Suddenly he broke into her brown study by exclaiming,

"I should like to know what you are doing, and how long you intend to remain standing before that glass!"

"Oh! indeed! *should you?*" mocked Jacko, startled out of her reverie, yet instantly remembering to be provoking.

"What were you doing, and—"

"Looking at myself in the glass, to be sure!"

"Don't cut off my question, if you please! I was going on to inquire of what you were thinking so profoundly. And Madam, or Miss—"

"—*Madam*, if you please! the dear knows, I paid heavy enough for my new dignity, and don't intend to abate one degree of it! So if you call me Miss again, I'll get some one who loves me to call you 'out!' Besides, I'd have you to know! I'm very *proud* of it! Aint you, too? Say, Grim'! Aint you a proud and happy man to be married?" asked Jacko, tauntingly.

"You tribe! You do so with a purpose! But it shall not avail you! I demand to know the subject of your thoughts as you stood before that mirror!"

Now none but a half mad man like Grim' would have gravely made such a demand, or exposed himself to such a rebuff as it deserved. Jacko looked at him quizzically.

"*Hem!*" she answered, demurely. "I'm sure I'm so awe-stricken, your worship, that I can scarcely find the use of my tongue to obey your reverence! I hope your excellency won't be offended with me! But I was wondering, in general, whether the Lord really *did* make *all* the people upon earth, and in particular, whether He made you and Miss Nancy Skamp! and if so, for what inscrutable reason He did it!"

"You are an impertinent minion! But, by the saints, I will have an answer to my question, and know what you were thinking of while gazing in that mirror!"

"Sorry the first explanation didn't please your eminence! But now, 'honor bright!' I'll tell you truly what I was thinking of! I was thinking—thinking how *excessively* pretty I am! Now, tell the truth, and shame the—*old gentleman!* Did you *ever*, in *all* your life, see such a beautiful, bewitching, tantalizing, ensnaring face as mine is?"

"I think I never saw such a fool!"

"Really? Then your holiness never looked at yourself in a mirror! never beheld 'your natural face in a glass!' never saw 'what manner of man' you are!"

"By St. Peter! I will not be insulted, and dishonored, and defied in this outrageous manner! I swear I will have your thoughts, if I have to pluck them from your heart!"

"Whe-ew! Well, if I didn't always think thought was free, may I never be an interesting young widow, and captivate Thurston Willcoxen!"

"You impudent, audacious, abandoned—"

"Ching a ring a ring chum choo!
And a hio ring tom tacky!"

sang the elf, dancing about, seizing the bellows and flourishing it over her head like a tambourine, as she danced.

"Be still, you termagant! Be still, you lunatic, or I'll have you put in a straight jacket!" cried the exasperated professor.

"Poor fellow!" said Jacko, dropping the bellows and sidling up to him in a wheedling, mock sympathetic manner. "P-o-o-r f-e-l-l-o-w! don't get excited and go into the high-strikes! You can't help it if you're ugly and repulsive as Time in the Primer, any more than Thurston Willcoxen can help being handsome and attractive as Magnus Apollo!"

"It was of *him*, then, you were thinking, minion! I knew it! I knew it!" exclaimed the professor, starting up, throwing down his book, and pacing the floor.

"Bear it like a man!" said Jacko, with solemnity.

"You admit it, then! You—you—you—"

"—'Unprincipled female!' There! I have helped you to the words! And now, if you *will* be melo-dramatic, you should grip up your hair with both hands, and stride up and down the floor, vociferating, 'Confusion! distraction! perdition!' or any other awful words you can think of. *That's* the way they do it in the plays!"

"Madam, your levity and impertinence is growing beyond sufferance! I cannot [illegible] dure it!"

"That's a mighty great pity, now, f[illegible] can't cure it."

"St. Mary! I will bear this no lo[illegible]"

"Then I'm afraid you'll have to emigrate!"

"I'll commit suicide!"

"That's you! *Do!* I should like very well to wear bombazine this cold weather. Please do it at *once*, too, if you're going to, for I should rather be out of deep mourning by midsummer!"

"I shall blow my brains out!"

"Stop! don't do it here on aunty's new Turkey carpet! Consider! it would be the ruination of it!"

"By Heaven, I will *pay* you for this, madam!"

"Any time at your convenience, Doctor Grimshaw! And I shall be ready to give you a *receipt in full* upon the spot!" said the elf, rising. "Anything else in my line this morning, Doctor Grimshaw? Give me a call when you come my way! I shall be much obliged for your patronage," she continued, curtseying and dancing off towards the door. "By the way, my dear sir, there is a lecture to be delivered this evening, by our gifted young fellow-citizen, Mr. Thurston Willcoxen. Going to hear him? *I am!* Good-day!" she said, and kissed her hand and vanished.

Grim' was going crazy! Everybody said it, and what everybody says, has ever been universally received as indisputable testimony. Many people, indeed, averred that Grim' never *had* been quite right—that he always had been queer, and that since his mad marriage with that flighty bit of a child, Jacquelina, he had been queerer than ever.

He would have been glad to prevent Jacquelina from going to the lecture upon the evening in question; but there was no reasonable excuse for doing so. Everybody went to the lectures, which were very popular. Mrs. Waugh made a point of being punctually present at every one. And she took charge of Jacquelina, whenever the whim of the latter induced her to go, which was as often as she secretly wished to "annoy Grim'." And, in fact, "to plague the Ogre" was her only motive in being present, for truth to tell, the elf cared very little either for the lecturer or his subjects, and usually spent the whole evening in yawning behind her pocket handkerchief. Upon *this* evening, however, the lecture fixed even the flighty fancy of Jacquelina, as she sat upon the front seat between Mrs. Waugh and Doctor Grimshaw. The subject of the discourse was "The Progress of Civilization." Thurston was in one of his most inspired moods, and his lecture was a glorious panorama of history—a succession of glowing pictures, each presenting, in living form and color, some marked page in the book of the world—some distinct stage in the progress of society. Under his masterly hand, you saw the tents and herds of the patriarchs, the rude architecture and the ruder manners that succeeded; next Egypt, in her haughty days; Greece, in her glory and in her degradation; Rome, in her rise and progress and decline and fall; the feudal times; the Crusades; the Reformation, the settlement of the New World; and through all these, ran that fine, discriminating philosophy that lent the greatest charm to his discourse. He showed how the radicalism of one age became the conservatism of the succeeding one; how the martyred of one century became the canonized of the next. He said that there were many good conservative Christians in this age, who, had they lived in the days of Christ, would, from their temperament and disposition, have been very conservative *Jews*, and been among the first to cry "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"

Jacquelina was magnetised, and scarcely took her eyes from the speaker during the whole discourse. Mrs. Waugh was also too much interested to notice her companions. Grim' was agonized! The result of the whole of which was—that after they all got home, Doctor Grimshaw—to use a common but graphic phrase—"put his foot down" upon the resolution to prevent Jacquelina's future attendance at the lectures. Whether he would have succeeded in keeping her away is very doubtful, had not a remarkably inclement season of weather set in, and lasted a fortnight, leaving the roads nearly impassable for two other weeks. And just as travelling was getting to be possible, Thurston Willcoxen was called to Baltimore, on his grandfather's business, and was absent a fortnight. So altogether, six weeks had passed without Jacquelina's finding an opportunity to defy Doctor Grimshaw, by attending the lectures against his consent.

At the end of that time, on Sunday morning, it was announced in the church that Mr. Willcoxen having returned to the county, would resume his lectures on the Wednesday evening following. Dr. Grimshaw looked at Jacquelina, to note how she would receive this news. Poor Jacko had been under Marian's good influences for the week previous, and was in her fitful and uncertain way, "trying to be good"—"as an experiment to please you, Marian," she said, "and to see how it will answer." Poor Elf! So she called up no false, provoking smile of joy, to drive Grim' frantic, but heard the news of Thurston's arrival with the outward calmness that was perfectly true to the perfect inward indifference.

"She has grown *guarded*—that is a very bad sign—I shall watch her the closer," muttered Grim' behind his closed teeth. And when the professor went home that day, his keen, pallid face was frightful to look upon.

"I fell in long o' Doctor Grimsay, to-day at church, Miss Edif—an' 'clare to Marster, he look so sharp and wild I was right 'fraid of him," said Jenny, that day, as she put dinner on the table. Nor was Jenny the only observer and commentator upon the professor's looks and manners.

"*Did* you see Professor Grimshaw? What can be the matter with that man?" inquired Miss Thornton, of her brother.

"An ill balanced mind," answered the Colonel, oracularly. "No man with a head shaped like his, can be perfectly sane."

"Miss Jackeelar, honey, I doesn't want to give no fence to nobody, 'specially you; but you take my 'vice and don't 'voke de 'fessor! Case, child, I cotch my eye on to him as he come in—an' ef ever I seed a man 'sessed o' Sam, 'tis he, now, mine I tell you," said Old Oliver, putting his head into Jacquelina's sanctum, and whispering mysteriously.

"My good soul, suppose you mind your turkeys and geese, and leave family affairs of importance to the proper authorities," replied Jacquelina, impatiently.

The crest-fallen old creature bowed [illegible] and withdrew, shutting the door carefu[illegible] hind him. But scarcely had the soun[illegible] slow footsteps died away, when the [illegible] ed again and Mrs. Waugh entere[illegible] down by Jacquelina, and asked, [illegible] profe[illegible]

"My dear child, did you no[illegible] sor? What can ail him?" [illegible] mometer, to

"My dear aunty, I'm not [illegible] in Doctor measure the changes o[illegible] Jacquelina, Grimshaw's heavenly f[illegible] petulantly. [illegible] man looks—Hea[illegible]

"But, my dear ch[illegible] Old Nick were in him ven forgive me—a[illegible] sure enough!" [illegible] does! Looks just like

"Well, I kn[illegible] gentleman! But *I* can't the incarnat[illegible] an *I* do! 'Impossibilities help it! W[illegible] I promised to worry him to are not d[illegible]! Well, I did my best! Yet death in [illegible]! I vow, how tenacious of life here [illegible] creatures are! Now, that man's all [illegible] been due these two months, and de[illegible] ain't paid yet! Never mind—it is accumulating interest! that's all!"

"Lapwing, don't talk so! It is very wicked, child! Not that I think you mean it, of course, but then you shouldn't say it! And as for that wretched man, I am truly afraid he will do something desperate!"

"I just wish he'd make haste and do it, then.

What do you think it will be when it's done, aunty? Will he not the Chesapeake on fire, and run away by the light of it?"

"Don't, bribe, dear Lapsing, but be circumspect, be cautious!"

From that Sunday to the following Wednesday, not one word was spoken of Thurston Willoxen in the house. But on Wednesday morning, Doctor Grimshaw entered the parlor, where Jacqueline was sitting, gazing out of the window, and jerking up her work, abstractedly her layed measures by speaking in a calm, kind tone, and saying,

"Jacqueline, you have been too much confined to the house lately. You look pale. You must go out more. Mr. Willoxen lectures this evening. Perhaps you would like to hear him. If so, I withdraw my former prohibition, which was, perhaps, too harsh, and I beg you will follow your own inclinations, if they lead you to go."

You should have seen Jacko's eyes and eyebrows! the former nearly dilated to their utmost capacity, while the latter were elevated to their highest altitude. The professor's eyebrows were knotted together, and his eyes sought the ground, as he continued,

"I myself have an engagement at Leonardtown this afternoon, which will detain me all night, and therefore shall not be able to escort you; but Mrs. Waugh, who is going, will doubtless take you under her charge. Would you like to go?"

"I had already *intended* to go," replied Jacqueline, without relaxing a muscle of her face.

The professor nodded and left the room.

Soon after, Jacqueline sought her aunty, whom she found in the pantry, mixing mincemeat.

"I say, aunty—"

"Well, Lapsing?"

"When Satan turns saint, suspicion is safe, is it not?"

"What do you mean, Lapsing?"

"Why, just now the professor came to me, politely apologized for his late rudeness, and proposed that I should go with you to hear Mr. Willoxen's lecture, while he, the professor, goes to Leonardtown to fulfil an engagement. I say, aunty, I sniff a plot, don't you?"

"I don't know what to make of it, Lapsing! Are you going?"

"Of course I am; I always intended to."

No more was said at the time.

Immediately after dinner, Doctor Grimshaw ordered his horse, and saying that he was going to Leonardtown and should not be back till the next day, set forth.

And after an early tea, Mrs. Waugh and Jacqueline set out in the family sleigh. A swift run over the hard frozen snow, brought them to Old Fields, where they stopped a moment to pick up Marian, and then shooting onward at the same rate of speed, they reached the lecture-room in full time.

It was quite crowded, but through the politeness of one of the professors, the three ladies were conducted up the length of the room, and seated upon the front bench that had been reserved for the clergy—some of the latter giving way to accommodate them. The young lecturer was just about to commence his discourse. I will not weary you by any report of it—but merely remark that as usual, he completely magnetized the superior portion of his audience, and that at all the final passages of his oratory, his eyes were irresistibly fascinated to the bench where sat Mrs. Waugh, Marian, and Jacqueline. As for the latter, she was perhaps the very least enchanted of all his hearers—she was in fact an exception, and found the discourse so entirely uninteresting that it was with difficulty she could refrain from yawning in the face of the orator. Mrs. Waugh also, perhaps was half asleep, but yet for her eyes would cautiously wander from the lecturer's pulpit, to the side window on her right hand. At length she stooped and whispered to Jacqueline,

"Child, be cautious; Dr. Grimshaw is on the ground—have some respect for the proprieties! lower pane of glass at the corner of that window, several times. He must be crouched down on the outside."

Jacqueline gave a little start of surprise—her face underwent many phases of expression, she glanced furtively at the indicated window, and then sat as if petrified, her eyes fixed for an instant against the glass, and then drop. She nodded her head quickly—muttering,

"Oh! I'll pay him!"

"Don't, child! don't do anything imprudent, for gracious sake! That man is crazy—who can say what he is!"

"Oh, aunty, I'll be sure to pay him! Hasn't he in my debt much longer. Soft, aunty! Don't look towards the window again! Don't let him perceive that we see him or suspect him—and then, you'll see what you'll see. I have a counting plot."

This last sentence was muttered to herself by Jacqueline, who thereupon straightened herself up—looked the lecturer straight in the eyes—and gave her undivided attention to him during the rest of the evening. There was not a more appreciating and admiring hearer in the room, than Jacqueline affected to be. Her face was radiant, her eyes starry, her cheeks flushed, her pretty lips glowing breathlessly apart—her whole form instinct with enthusiasm. Any one might have thought the little creature bewitched! But the fascinating creature need not have flattered himself had he but known it—Jacqueline really neither saw his face nor heard his words; she was seeing pictures of Grim's bitter jealousy, mortification and rage, as he beheld her from his covert—she was rehearsing scenes of what she meant to do to him. And when at the close he descended from the stand, tapped her hand enthusiastically, it was not at the glorious peroration of the orator—but at the perfection of her own little plot!

When the lecturer had finished, and as usual announced the subject and the time of the next lecture, Jacqueline, instead of rising with the mass of the audience, showed a disposition to retain her seat.

"Come, my dear, I am going," said Mrs. Waugh.

"Wait, aunty, I don't like to go in a crowd."

Mrs. Waugh waited while the professor will wait and join us when we return home?" said Mrs. Waugh.

"We shall see," said Jacqueline. "I wish he may. I believe he will. I am prepared for such an emergency."

In the meantime, Thurston Willoxen had descended from the platform, and was shaking hands right and left with the few people who had lingered to speak to him. Then he approached Mrs. Waugh's party, bowed, and afterwards shook hands with each member of it, only retaining Marian's hand the fraction of a minute longest, and giving it an earnest pressure in relinquishing it. Then he inquired after the health of the family at Luckenough, commented upon the weather, the state of the roads, etc., and with a valedictory bow withdrew, and followed the retreating crowd.

"I think we can also go now," said Mrs. Waugh.

"Yes," said Jacqueline, rising.

Upon reaching the outside, they found old Oliver, with the sleigh, drawn up to receive them. Jacqueline looked all around to see if she could discover Thurston Willoxen on the grounds, and not seeing him to where, she presumed herself that he must have hastened home. But she saw Doctor Grimshaw, recognized him, and at the same time could but notice the strong resemblance in form and manner that he bore to Thurston Willoxen, when it was too dark to note the striking difference in complexion and expression. Doctor Grimshaw approached her, lifting his cloak partially lifted to his face, as if to defend it from the wind, but probably to conceal it. Then the evil spirit entered Jacqueline, and tempted her to slide cautiously up to the professor, slip her arm through his arm, and whisper,

"Thurston! Come! Jump in the sleigh and go home with us. We shall have such a nice time! Old Grim' has gone to Leonardtown, and won't be home till to-morrow!"

"Yes he, minion! By St. Judas! you are dizzing now! I have now full evidence of your fun . . . By all the saints! you shall answer his finality," said the professor, between Jacqueline's teeth as he closed his arm upon sleigh . . . m, and dragged her towards the . . . Ha! ha

I mistook you this well! I don't care! If mistake! I overhearing it is not the first you once before about you! I mistook definitely.

He thrust her in

ried by Mrs. Waugh sleigh already occupied her, and took the Marian, jumped in

"Why, I thought the her side.

Leonardtown this afternoon, set out for shaw!" said Mrs. Waugh, collector Grim.

"You may have jumped to old,

equally false and dangerous, misdeclusions

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean, madam, that in connivin, jestly of this unprincipled girl, you be you imagined that you were safe from e. ery. It was so other. You are both discovered" said the professor, diggedly.

Henrietta was almost enraged.

"Doctor Grimshaw," she said, "nothing but self-respect prevents me from ordering my servant to stop and eject you from this sleigh."

"I advise you to let self-respect, or any other motive you please, still restrain you, madam. Such an ejection as you contemplate would be rather a clumsy, doubtful, and disgraceful proceeding. I remain here in the sleigh of this gaudy creature's parlor, until she is safely at home."

"You will act as best be kind enough to suggest to us the causes of your present words and actions, sir," said Mrs. Waugh, coolly.

"Undoubtedly, madam! Having a delicacy, just cause for doubting the honesty of your motives, and there being a strong resemblance between the parties, I felt determined to test both. Therefore, instead of going to Leonardtown, to be absent all to-morrow, I came here, posted myself on a hitching post for observation, and took notes. While here, I saw enough to convince me of Jacqueline's indiscretions. Afterwards leaving the spot with lacerated feelings, I drove home. After mature reflection for her honor, thrust her now through mine, and said, 'Dear Thurston, come home with me—'"

"Oh! you abominable old fye-for-shame! I said no such a thing! I said 'Thurston! Come! Jump in the sleigh and go home with us.'"

"It makes little difference, madam! The meaning was the same. I will not be responsible for a *literal* report. You are discovered."

"What does that mean? If it means you have discovered that I mistook you for Thurston Willoxen, you ought to 'walk on thorns' the rest of your life! You never got such a compliment before, and never will again!"

"Aye! go on, madam! You and your conniving aunt—"

"—Doctor Grimshaw, if you dare to say or hint such impertinence to me again, you shall have your ears cut much more quickly that you took it," said Mrs. Waugh.

"We shall see, madam!" said the professor, and he lapsed into sullenness for the remainder of the drive.

But, oh! there was one in that sleigh upon whose heart the words of wild Jacko had fallen with cruel weight—Marian!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Clippings.

☞ Goethe says, "It is a terrible thing to see a great man made much of by a party of blockheads." True; and it is a very hard cross thing to see blockheads magnifying each other. They can't make much of one another if they try—unless, indeed, according to Sydney Smith's idea, they "put their heads together." In which case they might make a wooden pavement!

☞ Young ladies schools are often places where females unlearn the good they have studied and practised at home, and learn "these things" which add neither to their head, heart, nor hand.

☞ A chap stopping at one of the hotels in the city of New York, being asked by the waiter whether he would have green or black tea, said he didn't care what color it was, if it had plenty of sweetnin' in it.

☞ It requires capital to start a daily paper. It will stop itself.

☞ Pref. Mapes thinks dogs can reason. We doubt it. If they could, they would not make such asses of themselves as to do a mile in 2.30; just because a tin cullender is fastened to their tail.

☞ *Diogenes* has an illustration representing John Bull comfortably seated before a fire, in a room, the walls of which are ornamented with a map of the Crimea. John is perusing an account of a "glorious victory," in which eight thousand were killed and wounded. His glee is suddenly interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who announces a most unwelcome visitor in the words, "If you please, sir, here's the tax gatherer!"

☞ A clergyman having, on a certain occasion, delivered himself of what is called a fine address, was met by one of his hearers the next day, when, in the course of conversation, allusion was made to it, the parishioner remarked that he had a book containing every word of it, and had heard it before. To this the clergyman boldly asserted that the address was written by himself the week previous to its delivery, and therefore the assertion could not be correct. The next day he received a *splendid copy of Webster's Dictionary.*

THE FASHIONABLE BONNET

Who blesses the fashions, and says—"that upon it"
Like my cousin's tiny, saucer bonnet,
(Through much conferment by grandmothers and aunt)
Because it is just provoking, pouting
It is so small, little wonder, it's so
Cause, you see, there's no bonnet in the way,
The more I look the more I think upon it
The more I do, this small pouting bonnet.

☞ A Mr. Leider, who keeps a millinery establishment in Toronto, Canada, observing a woman from a rival shop examining the samples in her window, thought the observer was about to imitate her patterns. So thinking, she ascended to an upper window and threw a pail of water over her rival. The result was a suit and a fine suit, in which the woman of water came out second best.

☞ The Times are so hard in Boston, that they have to be broken with a sledge-hammer!

☞ Some men will do a great deal of business in a very little while. A friend of ours arrived at Niagara the other evening, just before midnight; he deliberately bought a candle, crossed to Goat Island, examined the cataract, and in 35 minutes had finished up the great American wonder, and was once more on his way to Albany. There may be people, whose despatch is greater than this, but we have never heard of them.

☞ An eccentric correspondent wishes to be informed whether Lancaster, the inventor of the modern gun, is descended from his namesake, the celebrated promoter of national education. The ingenious inquirer bounds his observation on the fact of one having discovered the aims of youth, and the other teaching the young idea how to shoot.

☞ Mr. Christopher Sweeny, of Manchester, N. H., complains that the Catholic priest in that city, would not baptise his child, because he wanted it named Franklin, and the priest said it was no Saint's name.

☞ "Now, my dear, we never can afford to buy flour at that awful high price—so you'd better tell the grocer to send up only half the usual quantity, and make up the rest with plaster of Paris and such like—it will do just as well." Still ten sacks had overheard from the top of the stairs—Mrs. Jones, I'd like to have my bill made out this morning."

☞ Some of our exchanges mention the fact of a Know Nothing having been turned out of the society of which he was a member, for drinking an Irish whiskey punch with a German silver spoon in it.

☞ "What did you hang that cat for, Isaac?" asked the school ma'm. The boy looked up, and with a grave look answered—"For mousing, ma'm." He had fifty marks immediately put down against his name.

☞ The Board of Brokers in New York, recently subscribed nearly $2,000 for the relief of the poor of that city. Wall street has a heart, after all!

☞ The Knickerbocker says that there are three classes of Aristocracy in the city of New York—the Codfish Aristocracy—the Guano Aristocracy—and the Patent Medicine Aristocracy.

☞ Mrs. Swisshelm says that women have great and grievous wrongs. Among the number, and one of the greatest, she cites the neglect which allows them to live and die old maids.

☞ On the death of Louis XVI., on the scaffold, Legendre, the revolutionary butcher, wanted to have the King's body cut up into eighty-three pieces—a piece for each of the Departments of France, intending by this to strengthen the fervor of republicanism in the country.

☞ An English farmer does not speak of a field being mowed—"shavered," is the term employed.

☞ In Kooi Dha's Welsh Lays for Minstrels, he lays down that a bard, receiving a favor from a King, shall give him an ode in return; if from a chief or nobleman, three lyrics; if from a vassal, he must *sing the latter to sleep!*

☞ It is a singular fact, that if a man travel round the earth in an easterly direction, he will find, on returning to the place of departure, he has gained one whole day; the reason of this proposition being true also, it follows that the Yankees, who are always travelling West, do not live as long by a day or two, as they would if they had staid at home. And supposing each Yankee's time to be worth $1 50 per day, it may be easily shown that a considerable amount of money is annually lost by their roving dispositions.

☞ "Good Queen Bess," when she visited Worcester, borrowed £200 of the Corporation, which still stands as a "bad debt" on the town books!

☞ The great number of officers' deaths during the present war, has thrown nearly one half of the Aristocracy and landed gentry of Britain into mourning. The Duchess of Cornwall, among others, has lost a son in the list.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1856.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THIS PAPER ARE THE EXCLUSIVE PROPERTY OF THE EDITOR ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINTER OR A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, we address one copy in each three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to our address, and to the country to our Post Office:

4 Copies,	$5.00 Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	10,00 "
15 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	15,00 "
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	20,00 "

Persons residing in British North America must remit *twenty-five cents* in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

Anywhere to Clubs.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the letter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

The papers to Clubs are invariably stopped at the expiration of the period for which they have subscribed.

A New Arrangement.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust that much of our old friends the Post-Masters, as do not feel inclined to take advantage of our Liberal offers themselves, will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to raise clubs, &c.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. W. P. We should be glad to receive such a communication as you propose.

H. O. C. You can obtain a passport gratis by applying at the Department of State at Washington, accompanying with such application the necessary certificate of citizenship, together with a description of your person.

THEY COME.

Our thanks are due to our friends, North, South, East and West, for the handsome manner in which they have opened the New Year upon us. Our receipts during the first week of 1856 were as follows:

Jan. 1,	$2,756 77
" 2,	1,318 42
" 3,	1,366 21
" 4,	1,811 40
" 5,	1,568 70
" 6,	1,994 60
	$11,216 10

The above is a considerably larger amount than was received during the corresponding period last year. We are glad to see that our club subscribers are not only keeping up their clubs, but in many instances sending us a large increase. It shall be our effort to deserve such liberal patronage.

THE COMING YEAR.

We may state, for the benefit of strangers who chance to see this number of the Post, that we design making our coming volume one of the most attractive that have issued from the press. In our THIRTY-FOURTH year, and with between 80,000 and 90,000 subscribers, we feel determined not to be excelled by any contemporary.

The cost of the Novelets, &c., already engaged—the cost not of their copy rights, but *merely of the privilege of first publication*—amounts to the sum of over

THIRTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS.

We have engaged the very first talent that could be secured—witness the names of Mrs. Southworth, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Denison, Mary Irving, Elisa L. Sproat, Fanny Fern, and a New Contributor, (whose name by request is withheld.) *Mrs. Southworth will write for no other paper.* And Grace Greenwood for no other, with the exception of her own admirably conducted "Little Pilgrim."

We commenced, in the last number, a Novelet from the entertaining pen of the talented Swedish writer, Mrs. Carlen, entitled

SIX WEEKS OF COURTSHIP.

This novelet will probably run through about *five* numbers of the Post. Its opening chapters, we think, will amply satisfy a very entertaining story.

This we expect to follow with a short Novelet, which we have recently received, entitled,

THE MINISTER'S CHOICE,

By Grace Greenwood.

Next we design giving an original Novelet, intended to illustrate incidentally the great Evils of Intemperance, entitled,

THE FALLS OF THE WYALUSING,

By a New and Distinguished Contributor.

In addition to the above Novelet by Grace Greenwood, we are also promised two other short Novelets,

THE ONEIDA SISTERS,

AND

THE NABOB'S WILL.

We also have made arrangements for the following additional contributions:—

NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES,

By Fanny Fern.

MARK, THE SEXTON,

A Novelet by Mrs. Denison, Author of "The Step Mother," "Home Pictures," &c.

NANCY SELWYN;

OR,

THE CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING.

A Novelet, by Mary Irving.

And last, but by no means least, from the fascinating and powerful pen of the Post's exclusive contributor,

VIVIA:

A STORY OF LIFE'S MYSTERY.

By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth,

Author of "Miriam," "The Lost Heiress," &c.

In addition, of course, to the above, we shall endeavor to keep up our usual variety of Engravings, Original Sketches and Letters, Pictures of Life in our own and foreign lands, Choice Selections from all sources, Agricultural Articles, General News, Humorous Anecdotes, View of the Produce and Stock Markets, Bank Note List, Encyclopedia, &c., &c. Our object being to give a Complete Record, as far as our limits will admit, of the Great World. For terms, &c., see head of column.

The Value a Man Set on His Own Life.—The captain of a merchant ship, recently saved from drowning at one of our wharves, is reported to have given a dollar to his preserver, saying, "That's for saving my life."

This reminds us of the gentleman who gave his rescuer a sharp rating for not also saving his hat.

SENSITIVENESS OF BIRDS

A Buffalo paper relates the following anecdote:—

"A friend of ours has had for a long time a bird fancier, and has set no a number, and yet each bird has offered huge sums of money for it, but the fancier says our friend has taken more care of this bird than of any other he ever had, and he will not part with it for a thousand dollars. Our friend's bird is a plain—but bird." The bird then at the bottom of its song, suddenly ceased, and for the space of more than three minutes not a note was heard, not even a chirped, but the mainspring of the warbler's silence. What caused the sudden stop of musical notes, our friend could not imagine, nor can account for that.

We have heard instances of a similar character, and therefore are inclined to place full faith in the above, extraordinary as it seems. A gentleman devoted to the study of natural history, and whose practical acquaintance with birds is very great, once told us the following of a pet of his. He said he was given at one time to the folly of flying into a furious fit of passion upon very small provocation, and that the effect of this manifestation of bad temper upon the bird was very singular, seeming to produce in it a corresponding similar disposition. Whether his angry words manifested toward the bird, or toward some one else in the room, no sooner would his eyes begin to kindle, than his bird would make a sudden dart at them. Upon several occasions he came very near losing the sight of one of his eyes in consequence. And he became therefore exceedingly cautious how he gave way to fits of anger in the presence of his little pet. To this circumstance, he attributed, we know not how truly, a very great improvement in his power of self-government.

The same gentleman also informed us, that his wife had chosen one among his birds as an especial favorite; and had cherished it so much that the little creature seemed to be positively unhappy when she was not present. It was thought best therefore to try to wean the bird a little from her, and she was desired to take no notice of it for a time. His wife did as requested, and the next morning, when she entered the room where the birds were, repaired the little creature as it flew towards her; and when it flew back to its perch, began to fondle another. A few minutes elapsed, and hearing a slight noise, she turned again towards her former pet—the discarded favorite had fallen to the floor, dead.

Other anecdotes of a similar character have been related to us, going to prove the extreme sensitiveness of these little beings. In some cases manifesting their sense of neglect on the part of their owners by grief, as in the above instance, and at other times by exhibitions of anger, and even of revenge.

While we are upon the subject, we may state that the naturalist to whom we have referred, strongly contended that birds are incapable of being birds, both as cruel, and as injurious to their health. He gave it as his opinion, drawn from much observation, that there was no cruelty in confining certain species of birds in cages, if the cages were reasonably spacious, and they were not deprived of those social pleasures which constitute a large portion of the enjoyment which the Creator designed for them. The species from which pet-birds are generally taken, he considers naturally fitted to enjoy companionship with man; and, like the dog and the horse, happier in a restricted sphere with him, than in a state of absolute freedom without him. But to separate the male and female bird, he considers, as we have said, both injurious to the health and happiness of these little floating remnants of the vanished Eden.

After the anecdotes that we have given of the sensitive natures of the smaller birds, the above observations, perhaps, will strike the mind of the reader with more force than would otherwise be the case. We certainly had no our effort to add as much as possible to the small enjoyments which are all that are possible in so confined a sphere of being. And when we deprive bird or beast of its natural liberty, mainly for our own ornament or pleasure, it is simply the exercise of a power, which we possess, these lower creations as is compatible with the necessity of the case.

The more we investigate this matter of the intelligence of animals, and ascertain the extent to which they are subject to the motives and passions which govern ourselves, the less we are inclined to be pleased with those philosophers for imagining in their ignorance, that human souls were often imprisoned in these more contracted existences. The horse, especially, was a marvel to the great German, Goethe, himself in spirit, some have thought, half a heathen—it seemed to him so noble a being, with the fitting powers of expression, instead of hands, or even claws, mere hard, inflexible hoofs—so sung like the bird, or even bark like the dog, but at best a not very significant neigh. Nothing, as it were, but shape and speed. Almost nothing by which to manifest alike the power and the strength—the wisdom and the suffering, of what appears to be one of the noblest of the animal kingdom. Who could wonder at the heathen for supposing the horse to be an imprisoned human soul? Either a soul mounting upwards from the lowest form of manifestation, ultimately to find its full development in man—or a soul that had not used aright its noble faculties as a human being, but had idly buried in a napkin the great gifts of the Creator, and therefore was condemned to a state in which the narrow sphere of action it had voluntarily chosen, should be for a time its permanent and unchangeable condition.

And certainly, to return to the feathered tribes, there is much in them to originate a similar belief—and one who loves them, and has come to appreciate them fully, can hardly bring himself to believe that with the possessing of their little bodies, perishes all that had infused such deep emotion, such heights of rapture into their song. Surely heaven would scarcely be heaven without its birds—and it is perhaps as reasonable to imagine that the realms of hereafter should be filled from the graves of earth, as to suppose that the presence of all these little songsters terminated with that of their graceful and lustrous, but short-lived and easily injured bodies.

THE MORMONS.

Dr. Bernhisel, the Mormon Delegate at Washington, has recently published a defiance of his constituents in general, and of Brigham Young in particular—gentlemen who certainly need the best defence that can be made for them.

It seems that Mr. Young's language relative to the power of removal possessed by President Pierce—an act which he (Young) said would fall Almighty says, Brigham, you need not be Governor any more"—is to be understood in a kind of religious Pickwickian sense. Brigham never meant by it, that if the Sovereign Ruler of the Universe willed him to continue Governor, President Pierce could not deprive him of his office—which doubtless is very true.

Dr. Bernhisel also denies that the Mormons are determined to sustain Brigham Young's authority by force, if necessary. He says that "Governor Young is like the Governor of every State and Territory in the Union in his means of defence. He has no military power that is not possessed by all men in his station. An army is not necessary in Utah."

This looks as if the Polygamists were coming a little to their senses.

ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

It is a curious fact, and opposed to our ideas of modern physical degeneracy, that when Mr. Russell, owner of Beaucepeth Hall, in England, was asked for the loan of some of the old armor in the Hall, for the Champions of the Eglinton Tournament he found it had been large enough for Lady Seymour's prime cheesecloths!

Probably it was owing to the increased *fat*, more than the increased muscle, of the modern English gentlemen. The Normans, who came over with the Conqueror, were not men of the same bulky build as their Saxon opponents—but still won the battle at Hastings. The heavy armor of the days of chivalry was not very favorable to corpulency—and if the moderns would compare their powers with those of the Knights of William, let them don equally as ponderous a lighting gear, and wear it not only for an hour or two, but for days and weeks.

Destitution in New York City.—It was stated at a meeting in New York, the other night, for the relief of destitute females, that there are 27,000 such in the city, without the means of support.

And doubtless places in families are vacant at the West, not only for 27,000, but for five times that number. Cannot therefore some means be devised to supply the "destitute females" of the city with places, and the destitute females of the country with "help." If it could, it would be a permanent charity both to the poor women of the East, and the overworked women of the West—to say nothing of the bachelors in the latter region, who are seeking for helpmates.

The Mediation Scheme.—Our readers will perceive by the debates in the House of Representatives, that the Mediation scheme has been given up—at least for the present.

Gass Shoes in New York.—Mayor Wood closed up a number of the gong-shops in New York last Sunday, and forced the others to look as if closed up.

TRUE PATRIOTISM.

Every contented of the human mind has its true and its false, its noble and its ignoble side. Of none is this more strikingly true than of the element of patriotism. Strong affinity binds fools as obedient to the land of the birth, which is owing to their inability to see the true, possible, practicable, and the false, or false land. The true patriot, on the other hand, is an attachment which is proof over the growth and strengthened with his intellectual culture, at least, where even his heart feels the influence of the spirit of early childhood; but, however beautiful this sentiment of love of country, we must admit that it is overdone, and not a thing of humanity.

We have heard instances of a similar character, and therefore are inclined to place full faith in the above, extraordinary as it seems. A gentleman devoted to the study of natural history, and whose practical acquaintance with birds is very great, once told us the following of a pet of his. He said he was given at one time to the folly of flying into a furious fit of passion upon very small provocation, and that the effect of this manifestation of bad temper upon the bird was very singular, seeming to produce in it a corresponding similar disposition. Whether his angry words manifested toward the bird, or toward some one else in the room, no sooner would his eyes begin to kindle, than his bird would make a sudden dart at them. Upon several occasions he came very near losing the sight of one of his eyes in consequence. And he became therefore exceedingly cautious how he gave way to fits of anger in the presence of his little pet. To this circumstance, he attributed, we know not how truly, a very great improvement in his power of self-government.

The same gentleman also informed us, that his wife had chosen one among his birds as an especial favorite; and had cherished it so much that the little creature seemed to be positively unhappy when she was not present. It was thought best therefore to try to wean the bird a little from her, and she was desired to take no notice of it for a time. His wife did as requested, and the next morning, when she entered the room where the birds were, repaired the little creature as it flew towards her; and when it flew back to its perch, began to fondle another. A few minutes elapsed, and hearing a slight noise, she turned again towards her former pet—the discarded favorite had fallen to the floor, dead.

Other anecdotes of a similar character have been related to us, going to prove the extreme sensitiveness of these little beings. In some cases manifesting their sense of neglect on the part of their owners by grief, as in the above instance, and at other times by exhibitions of anger, and even of revenge.

While we are upon the subject, we may state that the naturalist to whom we have referred, strongly contended that birds are incapable of being birds, both as cruel, and as injurious to their health. He gave it as his opinion, drawn from much observation, that there was no cruelty in confining certain species of birds in cages, if the cages were reasonably spacious, and they were not deprived of those social pleasures which constitute a large portion of the enjoyment which the Creator designed for them. The species from which pet-birds are generally taken, he considers naturally fitted to enjoy companionship with man; and, like the dog and the horse, happier in a restricted sphere with him, than in a state of absolute freedom without him. But to separate the male and female bird, he considers, as we have said, both injurious to the health and happiness of these little floating remnants of the vanished Eden.

After the anecdotes that we have given of the sensitive natures of the smaller birds, the above observations, perhaps, will strike the mind of the reader with more force than would otherwise be the case. We certainly had no our effort to add as much as possible to the small enjoyments which are all that are possible in so confined a sphere of being. And when we deprive bird or beast of its natural liberty, mainly for our own ornament or pleasure, it is simply the exercise of a power, as we possess, these lower creations as is compatible with the necessity of the case.

The more we investigate this matter of the intelligence of animals, and ascertain the extent to which they are subject to the motives and passions which govern ourselves, the less we are inclined to be pleased with those philosophers for imagining in their ignorance, that human souls were often imprisoned in these more contracted existences. The horse, especially, was a marvel to the great German, Goethe, himself in spirit, some have thought, half a heathen—it seemed to him so noble a being, with the fitting powers of expression, instead of hands, or even claws, mere hard, inflexible hoofs—so sung like the bird, or even bark like the dog, but at best a not very significant neigh. Nothing, as it were, but shape and speed. Almost nothing by which to manifest alike the power and the strength—the wisdom and the suffering, of what appears to be one of the noblest of the animal kingdom. Who could wonder at the heathen for supposing the horse to be an imprisoned human soul? Either a soul mounting upwards from the lowest form of manifestation, ultimately to find its full development in man—or a soul that had not used aright its noble faculties as a human being, but had idly buried in a napkin the great gifts of the Creator, and therefore was condemned to a state in which the narrow sphere of action it had voluntarily chosen, should be for a time its permanent and unchangeable condition.

And certainly, to return to the feathered tribes, there is much in them to originate a similar belief—and one who loves them, and has come to appreciate them fully, can hardly bring himself to believe that with the possessing of their little bodies, perishes all that had infused such deep emotion, such heights of rapture into their song. Surely heaven would scarcely be heaven without its birds—and it is perhaps as reasonable to imagine that the realms of hereafter should be filled from the graves of earth, as to suppose that the presence of all these little songsters terminated with that of their graceful and lustrous, but short-lived and easily injured bodies.

THE MORMONS.

Dr. Bernhisel, the Mormon Delegate at Washington, has recently published a defiance of his constituents in general, and of Brigham Young in particular—gentlemen who certainly need the best defence that can be made for them.

It seems that Mr. Young's language relative to the power of removal possessed by President Pierce—an act which he (Young) said would fall Almighty says, Brigham, you need not be Governor any more"—is to be understood in a kind of religious Pickwickian sense. Brigham never meant by it, that if the Sovereign Ruler of the Universe willed him to continue Governor, President Pierce could not deprive him of his office—which doubtless is very true.

Dr. Bernhisel also denies that the Mormons are determined to sustain Brigham Young's authority by force, if necessary. He says that "Governor Young is like the Governor of every State and Territory in the Union in his means of defence. He has no military power that is not possessed by all men in his station. An army is not necessary in Utah."

This looks as if the Polygamists were coming a little to their senses.

ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

It is a curious fact, and opposed to our ideas of modern physical degeneracy, that when Mr. Russell, owner of Beaucepeth Hall, in England, was asked for the loan of some of the old armor in the Hall, for the Champions of the Eglinton Tournament he found it had been large enough for Lady Seymour's prime cheesecloths!

Probably it was owing to the increased *fat*, more than the increased muscle, of the modern English gentlemen. The Normans, who came over with the Conqueror, were not men of the same bulky build as their Saxon opponents—but still won the battle at Hastings. The heavy armor of the days of chivalry was not very favorable to corpulency—and if the moderns would compare their powers with those of the Knights of William, let them don equally as ponderous a lighting gear, and wear it not only for an hour or two, but for days and weeks.

Destitution in New York City.—It was stated at a meeting in New York, the other night, for the relief of destitute females, that there are 27,000 such in the city, without the means of support.

And doubtless places in families are vacant at the West, not only for 27,000, but for five times that number. Cannot therefore some means be devised to supply the "destitute females" of the city with places, and the destitute females of the country with "help." If it could, it would be a permanent charity both to the poor women of the East, and the overworked women of the West—to say nothing of the bachelors in the latter region, who are seeking for helpmates.

The Mediation Scheme.—Our readers will perceive by the debates in the House of Representatives, that the Mediation scheme has been given up—at least for the present.

Gass Shoes in New York.—Mayor Wood closed up a number of the gong-shops in New York last Sunday, and forced the others to look as if closed up.

THE GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

The final message of Gov. Bigler to a well-pleased Legislature, was published in full in our issue of Wednesday last. The public debt of the State is nearly forty millions of dollars, the actually outstanding debt, including the outstanding warrants, and all, every contingent more than a million, and at that if no new works are undertaken, that large amount could be immediately applied to sinking fund, which would probably be done in our lifetime. The public treasury is in a state of the gratification of knowing that if the taxes be high, they are not paid without a due reckoning, and that it now sends only enough money on the part of their representatives, to remain in some twenty to thirty years that monstrosity of debt, which has for so long a period weighed with a more or less paralyzing effect upon the shoulders of good old Pennsylvania.

In relation to the sale of the Main Line of the Public Works, Governor Bigler says that no offers have been received—the Works therefore remain unsold. The Governor says that not disapproving of their sale at a reasonable price, he opposes any exercise of them. In this we think he is right. If the State part with the Main Line at all, it should be for a fair compensation—she should not ask too high, nor take too low. If the disgraceful fact must be admitted, we fear it must be, that the people of Pennsylvania cannot elect honest men to manage their property for them, of course the less property they have the better. But let them not err from one extreme to its opposite, and having invested their millions foolishly at one period, sacrifice their investment at another, to another. What the Main Line is fairly worth, shall not be hastily decide, for we have very little knowledge of the facts necessary to the determination of so intricate a question. Our only object is to warn the community from indulging in an eagerness for the sale of the public works, so savvily as the old enthusiasts for their construction.

In relation to the vote by which the people of this Commonwealth pronounced against a Prohibitory Liquor Law—158,242 for, to 163,519 against—the Governor says truly that it is not to be inferred from this morning decision upon the particular measure proposed, that the majority of the people are averse to all attempts at reformation. He recommends, therefore, a revision of the present license laws, with a view to lessen the evils of intemperance—and quietly suggests the license fees of the city of Philadelphia. He says justly that these fees are as they now stand, "a tax on a most peculiarly prejudicial to public morals, and seem to have been constructed to promote the convenience of drinking, far more than to restrain its evil consequences."

As the general principle of the revision recommended, it would seem to be contained in the following sentiments:

Avoiding all vexatious encroachments upon the rights and privileges of every citizen, there is closely to remain why the influence of a well designed law, regulating and restricting the sale of intoxicating liquors, should not be brought to the aid of individual efforts.

We incline to think, however, from the resolves of the Temperance men in this city, that the party through the State will endeavor to procure a Prohibitory Bill, either to apply to the counties that voted for Prohibition, or else with a clause giving such counties as may so choose, the power to put the law into operation within their own limits.

Relative to the general progress of the Keystone State, Governor Bigler gives the following interesting contrast between times not long past and the present locomotive era:—

In the days of Governor Snyder the erection of a bridge over the Susquehanna River, and the construction of a turnpike road, was the subject of Executive exultation, and a matter of congratulation among the people. Now her whole surface is chequered over with railroads, canals and highways. Then the whole revenues of the State amounted to but $450,000. Now they exceed five millions. *Of the business* for the year ending on the first instant, there, 1849, *is the greatest; and she has besides excelled the best of her sisters in the production of coal, iron and coal.* Her population numbers not less than two and a half millions; nearly as large as all the States at the time of the Revolution. The present value of her real and personal estates exceeds $850,000,000. Her annual production of coal is 6,000 Germans had awakened protracted debates in Parliament. D'Israeli and his party in the House opposed it, but would not throw any certain obstacle in the way. Wilber Gibson said the enlistment of foreign mercenaries, independent of their governments, violated the principles of neutrality, and might be taken advantage of by Russia to hire privateers in the United States. The bill was read a third time in the House of Commons, on Friday night, and was passed by a majority of 28. The measure is strongly repugnant to the feelings of the people, and regarded as a job to put money in the pockets of our cousins of Hanover and Gotha.

A debate ensued on the Militia Bill. The Ministry of Derby and his party opposed the removal of the militia to foreign garrisons. The bill was read a second time and passed through the committee.

Lord John Russell stated that the number of troops that France is willing to send to the seat of war, is only limited by the number of transports to be obtained.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has given notice that he will propose that the duty on tea remain fixed at 1866, per pound until peace is declared.

Sir James Graham stated that Admiral Fanshaw was making vigorous efforts for the destruction of the slave trade in Cuba.

A transfer of deposits from the Savings Banks, amounting to £2,000,000 sterling, from the Bank of England into the 3 per cents debt has

SATURDAY EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1855.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS. SECOND SESSION.

SENATE

On the 2d, the bill of Mr. Brodhead, for granting bounty land to the officers and soldiers of the war of 1812, was taken up, on per assignment.

A desultory debate took place, in which most of the Senators present took part, and during which Mr. Brodhead proposed to amend the second section of the bill, so that the widows and minor children of the persons should receive the bounty land.

Mr. Stuart observed that this was not following former bounty land precedents.

The amendment was rejected, and the provision to give 160 acres of land to those who had served 30 days, was ... [illegible]

[illegible]

The Committee then rose.

Mr. Wentworth, of Massachusetts, reported a bill preventing the introduction into the United States of foreign criminals, paupers, idiots, insane and blind persons. It was committed to the Committee on Commerce. Adjourned.

On the 3rd, Mr. Latham, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported back the bill to continue in force for one year from the 3rd of March next, the acts for the adjudication of land claims in California. Passed.

The morning hour was occupied in considering the bill amendatory to the Act graduating and reducing the prices of the public lands to actual settlers and cultivators.

Mr. Dawson offered an amendment giving 160 acres of land to actual settlers, at 12½ cents per acre, on condition of actual cultivation.

The House, without concluding the subject, went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, on the bill for the relief of settlers on certain swamp and overflowed lands.

Mr. Keitt said, "There can be but two essential parties in the Republic while it lasts, the one advocating a strict construction of the Constitution, or State rights, and the other subversive of the Constitution. By the jostling of the machinery there may be an upheaving of the social stratum, developing new combinations. Such, he conceived, was the new order of 'Know Nothings.' But its life will be short. It is feeble, and amalgamation of all the isms. Its philosophy is deep discontent, and whatever there is about it is mercy. Every party has its camp followers. There were men who shouted Hosannas to Christ, and then put vinegar to His lips; and men who hover about the battle-field to rifle the baggage-wagons, and rob the dead; and such as love power and dominion, and are hungry for the spoils, and formed this new party of Know Nothings. The North had not the race appointed by God to occupy menial positions, but it would stamp the white man into the status of inferiority. After having profited by emigration, both industrially and politically, the North would now cast off the foreign population, and gnash its teeth with dread at the competition in the pursuits of labor. He examined the leading principles of the Know Nothings, and severely condemned them. In reply to the remark of Mr. Banks, of Massachusetts, that the people have a right to manage political affairs with secrecy, he said, that a republican government can only exist with publicity, and not from machinations consummated in dark subterranean conclaves. The name of the Know Nothings is fitly chosen. If they succeed, they will be mutes in the funeral procession of the republic. He argued that the organization is detrimental to States' rights, and invades the character of the American people, and disturbs the sanctity of the social relation. It was socialism, free soilism, and a crusade against Roman Catholicism. It was deadly and dangerous to liberty, and was a lineal descendant of the alien and sedition laws and Hartford Convention Federalism."

Mr. Clingman adverted at length his resolution relative to Mediation. All our interests suffer by the war, and this being the case, we should be inclined to take such steps as may remove the difficulties. The millions on millions of money expended in the war are as much lost as if they had been invested in the Arctic, which recently sunk in the sea, and the destruction of life will not probably be less than one hundred thousand men. So much treasure, and so many customers being swept out of existence, the tendency is to injure every commercial nation under the sun, and especially the United States. If we succeed in relieving the belligerents from war, it will give us great consideration, not only with the governments of Europe, but with the people of those countries. The European monarchs would in that event be slow to go to war with us. If ill feeling exists on their part, the slightest spark may inflame a contest. An exhibition of magnanimity on our part would disincline them to hostilities. The impression of Europe is we are a grasping and rapacious people. He did not for a moment admit its justice. On the contrary, he thought the United States have, from their earliest history, shown a most commendable moderation. A gentleman who had been travelling in Europe related to him a conversation he had with the veteran Metternich, who said that not one government in Europe would for a moment have hesitated to take Texas, as we did, on the terms proposed. Considering that England took whole kingdoms in Asia, and France seized on portions of Africa, and other nations took other territory without perilling their governments, we may well challenge comparison with them. He belonged to what is called the party of progress, the Young America school, and was favorable to acquisition under favorable circumstances; but while thus believing, he wished to avoid a suspicion that we desire the war to continue in order that we may get the opportunity to seize our neighbor's territory. By mediation, we shall truthfully and gracefully remove that impression. If we assume this ground of neutrality, it will be under becoming circumstances. Entertaining these views and feelings, it was his object to bring this matter before the Committee on Foreign Affairs. He thought they might determine the propriety of mediation, leaving to the President the mode and manner of conducting it.

Mr. Bayly, of Virginia, believed, and could say with entire confidence, that, from feelings of humanity, there is no member of the House, or person connected with this government who would not be glad to see an end put to this war. But it was a delicate thing with nations and individuals during the existence of hostilities to offer mediation. He had reason to believe, and could say with entire confidence, from reliable sources of information, that from certain quarters overtures were made on the part of this government, with respect to this matter, but that on the whole it was not thought advisable to interfere with it. This being the case, he was not prepared to sustain the proposition of his colleague on the Committee on Foreign Affairs, to mediate on the question.

Mr. Clingman said that fact was communicated to him ten days ago, when the Committee favored the proposition to mediate.

The Committee then rose, and the House adjourned.

On the 4th, on motion of Mr. Stanton, of Tennessee, the Message from the President, relative to the re-establishment of the Navy Yard at Memphis, was referred to a Special Committee.

The House then went into Committee, and took up the bill for the relief of the purchasers and locators of swamp and overflowed lands.

Mr. Harris, of Massachusetts, arose, as he said, to shut the door against Southern treachery. As he spoke in low and rather indistinct tones, the members crowded round him the better to hear. Persons outside the bar could only catch a word occasionally, but had the full benefit of a chorus of laughter now and then from the honorable inside listeners.

A stray sentence however, informed us that he was against the United States Government offering mediation in the present European war, and thought we had better settle our own difficulties at home, before we undertook to adjust the quarrels of others. If we attempt this we shall get into a kind of hodge podge.

It appears that Mr. Harris was in no proper condition to speak, and, by the persuasion of a colleague, he finally yielded the floor.

Mr. Sollers wanted to speak of the triumphs of that despised and abject sect, known as "Know Nothings." That wretched, deceitful party, which was not worthy of the confidence of the American people, which seems to violate the Constitution and overturn the Government, as its opponents charged. The gentleman from South Carolina (Mr. Keitt) objected to Know Nothingism, because he chose to say it originated in Massachusetts. In his (Mr. Sollers) opinion, it came from the proper spot. Bunker Hill, Concord, and Lexington are in Massachusetts, and the descendants of those who there fought will not forget the foreigners who battled against them in the contest of Liberty. This spirit of Know Nothingism had swept through the Jerseys, Pennsylvania, New York, and Delaware, to the State of Maryland.

He wondered politicians did not take lessons from those great American demonstrations. So far from interfering with State Rights, as charged by Mr. Keitt, he said the Know Nothings are for preserving strictly the rights of the States, and preserving the Union of the States. If he knew anything, they look on the Southern fanatic and the Northern Abolitionists in the same unfavorable light, and would not only place them side by side, but hang them high as Haman. The fanatics of both sections, if not in point of law, are, in fact, guilty of moral treason. In the event of a struggle between the North and the South, Maryland would become a Marathon, and the Chesapeake Bay the Straits of Thermopylæ. Who ever heard of a fanatic in Maryland? She goes for the Constitution as it is and for the Union. [Applause, which the Chairman of the Committee checked.] Mr. Sollers resuming, said, they leave Slavery where the Constitution placed it, and he repeated that the Know Nothings are for the Union, and the whole Union, against Secessionists on the one side, and Pro-Slavery men and Abolitionists on the other. As Mr. Barry and Mr. Keitt had told the House what the Know Nothings will do, he would tell the House what the would not do. They will not dissolve the Union, but will uphold it as the sheet anchor of republican safety. Another thing: they will not say that an appropriation for the improvement of rivers and harbors is constitutional when the former pass through three States, but unconstitutional when passing through only one. [Laughter.] They do not intend to permit Southern Nullifiers to assert the doctrine of secession, after submitting to the Supreme Court of the United States for decision regarding the constitutionality of important questions. They do not intend to quibble about the interpretation of the Constitution like a prude, and violate it like a prostitute.

Mr. Keitt—I have a single question to ask—

Mr. Sollers—I expected to be interrupted.

Mr. Keitt—Do you mean to be personal? [Sensation.]

Mr. Sollers—I was talking about South Carolina, and disclaim any such thing. He then proceeded further to defend Know Nothingism, and as to secrecy, said the Democrats ought not to complain, as they last night held a caucus, or secret meeting, to regulate the great Tariff question.

Mr. Giddings said he understood Mr. Sollers to say that the Know Nothings will leave Slavery where they found it. Will they restore freedom to Kansas?

Mr. Sollers—I will never take the construction of the gentleman from Ohio, on Constitutional Law. [Laughter.]

Mr. Giddings—Then you back out?

Mr. Sollers—I do not, but I most cheerfully retire from such a contest. [Laughter.] I should as soon think of entering into a contest—God forgive me!—with a pregnant woman. [Renewed merriment.] There is a party pledged to preserve the Union, and they will do it at all hazards.

Mr. Giddings said he was sincere in asking the question he had of the gentleman from Maryland, [Mr. Sollers] but the gentleman had showed the white feather, and backed out. He was deserving of the name of Know Nothing or Say Nothing. [Laughter.] The people of the United States have a right to know the principles of the party the gentleman champions. Publicity is for the express purpose of preventing the people from being deceived and misled. He, [Mr. Giddings] however, was a friend of the Know Nothings. He had courted their friendship, and liked them so long as they acted with him. [Laughter.]

Mr. Barksdale—Did not the Know Nothings and Anti-Nebraskaites unite in the last election in Ohio?

Mr. Giddings—I did not know of a Know Nothing or a Know Nothing Lodge in the State, at the time of the election. If they voted for me, I take it for granted they knew something. [Laughter.]

Mr. Stuart, of Mich.—Did not the gentleman [Mr. Giddings] have Michigan with a vote? In other words, did not the Know Nothings in that State a single man on their ticket who was not voted for by the Abolitionists?

Mr. Giddings—I did not know of a Know Nothing in Michigan?

Mr. Stuart—Was not every candidate on the State and Congressional ticket put in nomination by the Whigs and Abolitionists, commonly known in Michigan as Know Nothings?

Mr. Giddings—[illegible]

[illegible]

Mr. Letcher imagined that there were not five men in the House who had thought of the pending bill since the discussion commenced. It was to relieve purchasers and locators of swamp and overflowed lands. He confined himself to the subject.

Finally the bill was amended and passed. Adjourned.

On the 5th, Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte Giddings, Delegate from the Territory of Nebraska, appeared and was qualified, by taking the oath to support the Constitution.

The House then took up the Private Calendar, and after disposing of several claims, adjourned.

On the 6th, Mr. Clingman explained, in relation to Mediation, that when the Committee of Foreign Affairs, authorized him to report the mediation proposition, the circumstance alluded to by Mr. Bayly was not known to the members of that Committee. The information does not, in my judgment, change at all the propriety of making the movement I suggested. But, for reasons which it is not proper for me to state, I decline taking any steps at this time. This much I desire to be understood, as justice to the opinions of the Committee and myself.

The House then went into Committee on Private Bills, passing several of them. Adjourned to Tuesday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 2nd, a Message was received from the President of the United States, and read. He says, in returning to the House of Representatives, in which it originated, the bill entitled "An Act making Appropriations for the repair, preservation and completion of certain Public Works, heretofore commenced under the authority of law," it becomes necessary for him, owing to the late day on which the bill was passed, to state his objection to it very briefly, announcing, at the same time, a purpose to resume the subject for more deliberate discussion at the present session of Congress, for, while by no means insensible of the arduousness of the task, he concedes that the two Houses of Congress are entitled to an expression of the considerations which have induced dissent on his part from their conclusions in this instance. What, he asks, is intended by the phrase, "internal improvements?" What does it embrace, and what exclude? No such language is found in the Constitution. Not only is it not an expression in the Constitution, but it has no sufficient meaning to be of any value as a means of a definite either of Constitutional law or practical statesmanship. If there is any power to construct railroads and canals, there must, by the same forced construction, be power to construct bridges and drain marshes, and promote means of irrigation. In fact, the improvement of the soil for the development of natural resources. He says he has had occasion more than once, to express as his opinion, and took it for granted as a fundamental proposition, that the Federal Government is the creature of the States; that sovereign power is in them alone; and that the power of the Federal Government is in derivation; all power not delegated to the Government is reserved to the States respectively, or to the People. Starting from this, and denying that power for a system of internal improvements, is to be found in the Preamble to the Constitution, he proceeds to examine the various clauses of that instrument under which the power for a system of internal improvement is claimed, coming to the conclusion that there is no specific power for such works, and no power broad enough to cover them. This view has been sustained by the soundest expositors of the Government. Congress can only construct such works as may be necessary to carry out a specific purpose. He refers to the views of Jefferson, Jackson, Polk and others, with commendation and approval, and estimates the vast expenditure which would necessarily be involved in a system of internal improvements. If the improvement of the navigable rivers or harbors be necessary for military or naval purposes, the subject is matter for legislative discretion.

The Message is a long one, and in conclusion the President says the considerations he has submitted, added to the embarrassment of the whole question, impels him to adopt the policy of confining appropriations by the General Government, to works necessary to be constructed ... [illegible]

Mr. Phillips remarked, that inasmuch as many bills for internal improvements have been submitted and referred to the appropriate Committee, on which a discussion would doubtless come, and for the purpose of enabling the House to consider more maturely the principles stated in the Message, he would move that it be laid on the table and printed.

Mr. Haven hoped his friend from Alabama (Mr. Phillips) would not undertake to have any course pursued which would prevent gentlemen in various parts of the House from expressing their views. He had endeavored to obtain the Message read by the Clerk, but as his seat ... [illegible] ... near parts of it are well reasoned, ... [illegible] ... other parts reasoned in a way which will not stand scrutiny. He took it for granted that the President desires his views fully discussed. The Message fell far short of being what the gentleman from Virginia (Mr. Faulkner) said it would be—"a model message." He suggested that the Message be referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

Mr. Phillips acquiesced, and it was so referred.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the bill for the relief of purchasers and locators on swamp and overflowed lands.

[illegible]

General News.

NEWS ITEMS.

Post Office Changes in Pennsylvania.—A new Post Office is established at Branch Junction, Westmoreland county, and Mr. William Donnelly appointed Postmaster. The office at Irishtown, Mercer county, is re-established, with James Long as Postmaster. Appointments—Jacob Yordy, Postmaster, Treverton, Northumberland county, vice J. Epting, moved away. James C. Ewing, Postmaster, Quarryville, Lancaster county, vice Robt. W. Patterson, deceased. James McClelland, Postmaster, Morrisdale, Clearfield county, vice James Allport, deceased. Henry Keck, Postmaster, Rural Valley, Armstrong county, vice John Caldwell, resigned. Lewis Keefer, Postmaster, Keefer's store, Franklin county, vice Isaac H. Thompson, resigned.

Portrait Gallery of Inventors.—Prince Albert has suggested to the Society of Arts, of which he is President, the desirability of forming a gallery of a series of authentic portraits of distinguished inventors, either in art or science. The intention is to transmit the likenesses of ingenious individuals down to posterity, thereby furnishing a source of encouragement to them while living.

The Ladies and Foreign Manufactures.—It is stated that sixty ladies in the city of New York have signed an obligation, by which they agree not to purchase any article of foreign manufacture for wear, for a year to come.

A locomotive of the Great Western Railroad blew up on Wednesday of last week, just east of Mechanicsburgh, killing Mr. Henry Bitterman, the engineer, and destroying the engine and tender, and five freight cars.

Self-Raker, Reaper and Mower.—Mr. Jesse Urmy, of Brandywine Village, Del., who has invented several valuable agricultural implements, amongst which are a cob-crushing machine, a threshing machine, &c., &c., has recently effected an improvement on a mowing and reaping machine, also invented by him, which will do the raking as well as mowing.—This mower and reaper took the first premium at the Pennsylvania State Fair last fall. The above improvement has been made to it since. He has gone to Washington with a model to procure a patent.

The American Ostrich.—The Minnesota Pioneer says that two specimens of the American ostrich, male and female, were recently killed near Fort des Moines, Iowa. They are described as four and a-half feet long, and five feet in height, with bills six inches long, straight, and very sharp. They resemble, in most points, the ostrich of Africa. One thousand dollars had been offered for them.

Pork.—The Detroit Democrat says that of all the dressed hogs which have been sent forward from Detroit to Buffalo since the close of navigation, over the Great Western (Canada) Railway, not one carcass has as yet reached its destination. The cars loaded with pork are on a side track at Paris. The quantity is immense, and as the danger of its spoiling is great, the loss must be heavy.

There are in the United States about 80,000 Common Schools, which are supported at an annual expense of nearly six million dollars; more than half of which is expended by the States of New York and Massachusetts. In the State of New York, in 1853, were 11,684 School Districts, and 622,268 scholars in attendance during some part of the year. The total amount expended for school purposes was $2,469,248. Massachusetts, for the same year, numbers 4,113 schools, with 187,022 scholars during the summer, 202,081 in winter. Aggregate expended on schools, $1,072,810. This State has a School Fund of $1,220,238. The amount raised by direct taxation for schools, was $963,631. Boston appropriates $330,000 annually to Public Schools of various grades.

Accidental Desertion.—On Thursday of last week, a lady who was travelling in the express train with an infant, inquired of the conductor how long he stopped at Springfield.—The reply was twenty minutes. When she reached Hartford, she supposed it was Springfield, and went up into the refreshment-room, and ordered supper. After eating, she inquired how much longer time she had to stay, when she was informed that the cars had been gone five minutes. She exclaimed,—"I have lost my baby," and sank down fainting. A telegraph dispatch was at once sent up, and the infant returned by the next down train, much to the joy of the mother, who, we trust, when she again goes after refreshments, will not leave her baby in the cars.—*Hartford Courant.*

Wreck Fallen in With.—The barque Houston, at New York, on Nov. 27, lat. 47 15, lon. 21 50, boarded a barque, abandoned, stern stove, decks blown up, spars all standing. In the stern sheets of the quarter boat were the letters, "R. A. P. A. R." Two other letters were chafed. She belonged to Belfast, Ireland, was water-logged and timber laden, and completely breached by the sea.

The annual amount of the lead produce of the United States is estimated at from 18,000 to 20,000 tons, which is supplied by the States of Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri, Arkansas, Virginia, Pennsylvania and New York. Besides this, about 20,000 tons are annually imported from foreign countries, of which England and Spain furnish by far the greater portion. Considerable is brought from France, but this is mostly mined in Spain.

Artesian Fountain.—The Fond du Lac (Wisconsin) Freeman says: Mr. John Dobins, of this city, who is engaged in boring fountains, has succeeded, at a depth of 60 feet, in striking one of the greatest fountains that we have heard of. It is on the premises of Mr. John B. Chaud, near the village of Taycheedah. It pours a stream sufficient to fill fifteen pails in one minute. It ran a full stream at the height of eight feet above the surface. It pours an uninterrupted stream with great force from two two-inch pipes, filling both to their utmost capacity. The whole cost of the fountain will not exceed $25.

Hon. Henry A. Wise, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Virginia, has taken the stump, and intends to canvass the whole State before the election.

Very Convenient.—Many of the new houses in New York are so high and narrow, four houses on three lots, that an arrangement similar to dumb waiters has been introduced for hoisting people to the upper stories.

Grisi and Mario are at present performing in Philadelphia.

Almost Fatal Stupidity.—On Tuesday evening of last week, two young children of Mr. Wm. Day, residing at Danbury, Conn., were put to bed, and by way of making the room comfortable, a vessel containing burning charcoal was placed in the centre of the floor. Before the hour for retiring of the family, they were startled by sounds of agony proceeding from the room occupied by their children, and, upon hastening to them, they were found nearly suffocated with gas. By this timely rescue, and a vigorous application of restoratives, they were both saved from a horrible death.

Murder by Indians.—Rodney Fairchild, formerly a resident of Detroit (Mich.) has been shot through the heart by a band of Indians and robbed. Mr. F., in company with a younger brother, and a company of twenty-eight others, were on the way to California, by the South Passage, with some twenty thousand dollars' worth of cattle. While in the country of the Apache Indians, they were surprised by a party who opened a murderous fire upon the rear of the train. Upon this, the party fled, leaving the two brothers to defend themselves and their cattle as best they could.

Soda as an Absorbent.—The St. Louis Medical and Surgical Journal relates several cases in which soda has been successfully employed as a remedy for snake bite and the sting of poisonous insects. The injured part was bathed in warm water, then the soda—moistened a little with water before being used—was applied to the wound.

Patriotic Nobleman.—It is said that the Earl of Ellesmere is about to send out his capacious and swift-sailing yacht from England to the Crimea, filled with provisions and clothing for the army.

Damaged Breadstuffs.—We see it stated that the loss on sour flour and damaged corn in the United States, equals the sum of $5,000,000 annually.

Going to Australia.—Mr. Gough, the celebrated Temperance lecturer, now in Europe, has received an invitation to visit Australia. A large sum, it is said, has been proposed him by way of remuneration.

Railroad for Sale.—The Canandaigua and Niagara Falls Railroad is advertised for sale at sheriff's sale in the Lockport and Buffalo papers, or at least so much of it as is located in the counties of Erie and Niagara.

The remains of Madame Sontag have at last been shipped from Vera Cruz to Hamburg, to be interred in her native land. It is now said that it was done in the best way it could be. The New Orleans Picayune is assured by her late agent, that there is no truth in the rumor that she and Signor Pozzolini were poisoned. Their physicians, it is added, all agreed that they fell victims to the cholera.

Salmon in California.—The waters of the Upper Sacramento are teeming with the finest salmon, which are caught and carried to San Francisco, where they are sold at three cents per pound. So plenty are they that many spoil and are thrown away before being sold.

Lamporter the murderer of officer Ferguson, of Pittsburg, died lately in Missouri. He was a Swiss, had lived near Pittsburg for a number of years, where he was known as a very skillful mechanic. His death was caused by a fever brought on by remorse.

Religious Excitement in Detroit.—Considerable excitement has been occasioned by the interference of Catholic priests in destroying the religious books given to the children in the alms-house. On Sunday, 30th ultimo, four teachers who were appointed through the influence of the priests, acting under their direction, seized the books of the children and destroyed them.

POLITICAL NEWS.

Salaries of Foreign Ministers.—The reform diplomatic bill before Congress proposes the following salaries for foreign ministers: Great Britain, $17,500; France and China, each $12,000; Spain, Russia, Austria and Prussia, each $15,000; Brazil and Mexico, each $10,000; Turkey, Peru and Chili, each $9,000; Switzerland, Rome, Naples, Sardinia, Belgium, Holland, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden, the Argentine Republic, New Grenada, Bolivar, Ecuador, Venezuela, Guatemala and Nicaragua, $7,500. Pretty good pay for doing next to nothing.

Nebraska.—The election in Nebraska has resulted in the choice of N. B. Giddings as Delegate to Congress, there having been about eight hundred votes polled. Giddings is a Democrat, from Missouri, of the Bentonschool, and opposed to slavery.

Pennsylvania.—The Legislature met at Harrisburg, on the 6th. The House proceeded to ballot for a Speaker, with the following result:

Henry K. Strong, of Phila., received	76	votes.
Richardson L. Wright, of Phila.,	18	"
Charles Fraley,	2	"
R. B. McCombs,	1	"

The vote was as follows:

For Henry K. Strong, Whig and American: Messrs. Avery, Baldwin, Ball, Barry, Bergstresser, Beal, Bowman, Caldwell, Chamberlain, Clapp, Clover, Cresswell, Cummings, of Philadelphia, Cummings, of Somerset, Donaldson, Downing, Eyster, Fearson, Fletcher, Forster, Foust, Franklin, Free, Guy, Gwinner, Haines, Harrison, Herr, Hodgson, Holcomb, Hubbs, King, Kirkpatrick, Kroppa, Lane, Laporte, Lathrop, Leas, Leiderman, Lott, Lowe, McCalmont, McCoombs, McConkey, McConnell, McCullough, Maddock, McGill, Mingle, Morris, Morrison, Muse, Page, Palmer, Pennypacker, Powell, Reese, Rittenhouse, Ross, Rutter, Sherer, Simpson, Smith, of Allegheny, Smith, of Blair, Smith, of Philadelphia, Steel, Stehley, Stewart, Sturdevant, Thorne, Waterhouse, Weddell, Wickersham, Witmer, Wood, and Ziegler—76.

For Richardson L. Wright, Dem.: Messrs. Baker, Bush, Carlise, Christ, Craig, Dougherty, Dunning, Edinger, Fraily, Fry, Gross, Johnson, McClellan, Maxwell, Orr, Sallade, Stockdale and Thompson—18.

Messrs. Wright and Yerkes voted for Chas. Fraley, Dem.

Mr. Strong voted for R. B. McCoombs.

Messrs. Crawford and North did not vote.

Mr. Strong having received a majority of all the votes cast, was declared duly elected Speaker of the House for the session, and was conducted to the Chair by Messrs. Wright and Fraley. He made a brief speech, acknowledging the honor conferred in being selected to preside over the deliberations of the House, and promised his best efforts to meet the duties of the position with entire impartiality.

In the Senate, several ballots for Speaker were made without effect—Messrs. Darsie and Price (Whigs) refusing to unite with the Whig and American coalition. The 27th ballot resulted as follows:

Messrs. Brown, Cresswell, Darsie, Fry, Goodwin, Haldeman, Hamlin, Hoge, Jamison, McClintock, Piatt, Quiggle, Segar, Walton, and Wherry—15, voted for Wm. M. Heister, Dem., of Berks.

Messrs. Crabb, Ferguson, Flenniken, Frick, Jordan, Kellinger, Lewis, Merlinger, Sellers, Sherman, and Taggart—11, voted for John S. Skinner, Whig, of Erie.

Messrs. Frazer and Skinner—2, voted for John Hendricks. Mr. Hendricks—1, voted for Mr. Frazer. Messrs. Hiester and *Price* did not vote.

Mr. Hiester having received 15 votes, a majority of the whole vote cast, was thereupon declared duly elected Speaker of the Senate for the present session, and was conducted to the Chair by Messrs. Hamlin and Skinner.

Illinois.—The House of Representatives have passed a bill, by a vote of 51 to 21, repealing all the license laws of the State.

Local News.

The Hall of Independence.—The renovation of the apartment in the State House in which Independence was declared, is now completed, and the old chamber has been much improved thereby. The wood work has been repainted throughout, the floor has been covered with handsome oil cloth, and a number of interesting relics have been added to those before in the Hall.

Conspicuous among these appropriate embellishments are the valuable portraits of the Men and Women of Revolutionary times, purchased by the city at the recent sale of the Peale Gallery of National Portraits. The following is a list of the Paintings that now adorn the walls. Wm. Penn (full length), Lafayette (full length), Robert Morris, Gen. Jos. Reed, Thomas Jefferson, Dr. Witherspoon, Philip Livingston, Richard Henry Lee, Samuel Huntington, Charles Carrol, Francis Hopkinson, Samuel Chase, Thos. McKean, Dr. Benjamin Rush, John Adams, Hernando Cortez, Count de Volney, Robert Fulton, Count Rochambeau, Col. Wilkinson, Robert Wharton, Admiral Penn, Gen. Du Portail, Capt. Nicholas Biddle, Col. De Cambay, Gen. Lincoln, John Page, of Va., Capt. Merriwether Lewis, Christopher Gadsden, Col. Samuel Smith, Col. John E. Howard, Col. Henry Lee, Chevalier de la Luzerne, John Dickenson, Indian chief "Brandt," Gen. Alexander Hamilton, Chas. Thompson, Timothy Pickering, Com. Hazelwood, Gen. John Andrew Shultz, Indian chief "Red Jacket," Dr. Franklin, Major S. H. Long, Peyton Randolph, Wm. Moore, Pa., Genera. Nathaniel Green, Gen. James M. Varnum, Dr. Robert Hare, Gen. Charles Lee, Henry Laurens, Albert Gallatin, Com. Jas. Biddle, Com. Stephen Decatur, Colonel Nathaniel Ramsey, Wm. Bartram, Pa., Baron Steuben, Gen. A. St. Clair, Chevalier Gerard, Col. Lee, Gen. Artemus Ward, Timothy Matlack, Chas. Thompson, Marquis De Chastellux, Col. D. Humphreys, Gen. McIntosh, Bishop White, Mrs. Robert Morris, David Rittenhouse, Mrs. Martha Washington, Gen. Washington, Rev. Dr. Muhlenburg, Com. David Porter, Gen. Wm. Smallwood, Baron de Kalb, John Armstrong, Dr. Shippen, Gen. Jackson, Gen. Pike, Jonathan B. Smith, Gen. Wm. Findley, Col. Tennant, Gen. Morgan, Gov. Simon Snyder, Robt. Patterson, Gen. H. Dearborn, Elias Boudinot, Dr. Warren, Rufus King, Gen. Knox, Col. Forrest, Gen. Otho Williams, Gen. Sumpter, Gen. Clark, Gen. H. Gates, Dr. David Ramsey, Count Rosi, Captain J. Barney, Com. John Rodgers, Gov. Heister, John Paul Jones, Gen. R. Montgomery, Gen. Warren, Gov. Thomas Mifflin.

In addition to the portraits there is quite a variety of objects of interest in the apartment. Rush's famous statue of Washington, the old bell that first "Proclaimed liberty throughout all the Land and to all the inhabitants thereof," the chairs used at the time of the Declaration of Independence, the ancient chandelier, and many other relics, are familiar to those who have been in the habit of visiting the Hall. Among the articles recently deposited there is the chair made in 1852, by order of the Board of Commissioners of the District of Kensington.

The chair forms in itself quite a Museum of Curiosities. Among the materials used in its construction will be found a portion of a mahogany beam from a house built in 1496, near the present city of St. Domingo, for the use of Christopher Columbus. This house was the first one built in America by European hands. The chair also contains fragments of the Treaty Elm, of Penn's Cottage, in Letitia Court, of the United States frigate Constitution, of the ship-of-the-line Pennsylvania, and of one of a group of walnut trees which formerly stood in front of the State House, and which served as a land-mark and guide, in early times, for those who were bound from the city to the State House, then out of town.

Some portions of cane seating from a chair once the property of William Penn, and a lock of the hair of the late Chief Justice Marshall, are also inserted in this curious piece of furniture.

Independence Hall is now one of the most attractive spots in the Union to the patriot, or the seeker after the curious. The apartment is kept in excellent order, and the Superintendent, Mr. Moran, will be found at all reasonable times, ready to receive citizens and strangers, and to impart to them much valuable information concerning the Hall, its contents, and the events with which they are associated.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 167—Adults 80, and children 87.

The Principle of the Maine Law not so Modern Origin.—We have heard a great deal about the stringency of "the Maine Law," and that term has been applied *par excellence* to all prohibitive liquor laws. But the principle of the Maine Law is very ancient. It is related that in the reign of the Emperor Domitian, in the first century of the Christian era, there was a great scarcity of grain, which the Emperor imputed to the vast increase of vineyards in Italy and the provinces, causing the cultivation of grain to be neglected. Deeming also their existence to be so great an extent as an incitement to sedition, from the encouragement they gave to intemperance, he issued an edict forbidding the planting of any new vineyards in Italy, and ordering the whole (some historians say one-half) of those in the provinces to be destroyed. This privation lasted about two centuries, during which no vineyards could be planted without permission of the Emperors; and the provincials did not receive permission to plant them until about the year 280, when Probus, after numerous victories, which gave peace to his empire, manifested a great desire to encourage agricultural pursuits in all the provinces, and rescinded the edict of Domitian.

Explanation of War Phrases.—The editor of the United Service Gazette, in a lecture recently delivered at Manchester, England, explained that a "fortress" was like a star. A bastion had three faces, and was connected by another, and another, each at three hundred and fifty yards distance, until a pentagon was formed of five; and it was called the system of "reciprocal defence," as one bastion in the pentagon defended the other. They were surrounded by a ditch and wall, and then in front of the wall were "lunettes" filled with men, and having guns outside. The parallels were lines of earth, or baskets of earth, thrown up opposite the enemy's work zigzag, and so as not to be exposed to the direct fire of the enemy, thus protecting the advance of the besiegers. The first work is usually to dig a ditch, with the earth from which we make our parallel, and if the earth is not of the proper sort, we use gabions (baskets of earth) to a depth of twenty feet, and ten feet high, thus making the earthwork strong; and the soldier runs up a banquette to the top of the earthwork to fire at the enemy, and then runs down again, and is protected. The enemy's fire on such earthworks only strengthens them.

A "Brave" English Nobleman.—Lord Forth has returned to England from the Crimea. It is said his return has created great indignation, on account of his cowardice, but cowardice is so rare a quality in the English character, that we doubt very much the truth of the story. The London correspondent of the New York Tribune writes:

"He is a very young officer, a minor, and, as it seems, not much of a hero. In the battle of Alma, he threw himself on the ground, and screamed—'I am frightened; I can't fight.' Lord Raglan sent him word that in the next battle he was expected to distinguish himself by his gallantry, that his cowardice might be forgotten. But at Inkermann he again behaved as cowardly; two officers, therefore, were sent by the General-in-Chief to cast away his epaulettes, to break his sword, and kick him out of the camp. He returned to England a disgraced man, his family disown him, and the clubs are closed against him."

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 6, 1855

REMARKS—The inactivity which we have noted in the market for some time past still continues. Bark is in rather better demand at the decline noted last week. The late foreign advices were rather favorable for Breadstuffs, but they have had little or no effect upon the market. The receipts and stocks of Flour continue small, and prices are well maintained. Wheat is in better demand, and prices have slightly improved. Corn is scarce, and has advanced. Cotton is in limited request, but the stock is much reduced, and prices remain without change. Hemp is held firmly. Hides are steady. The Iron market continues depressed, and prices rule irregularly. Lead is dull. In Lumber there is little doing. Coffee, Sugar and Molasses are in fair request and prices are firm. Naval Stores are very quiet. Fish Oils are in steady demand from store at full rates, but in other descriptions there is very little doing. Provisions have been in better request, and about all the Mess Pork here has been bought up on speculation. Bacon remains without change, and there is but little stock here to operate in. Rice meets a limited inquiry at our last quotations. Cloverseed is coming in rather more freely. Tobacco is firmer. Wool is very quiet. Freights are dull.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There has been but little export demand for Flour since our last report. The receipts and stocks continue exceedingly light and prices are well maintained, and only 2,000 bbls standard and good brands were disposed of at $8,37½a9,50 per bbl, closing dull at the former quotation, and 150 bbls extra at $10. There has been a fair inquiry for home consumption at $9,37½a9,62½ for common and select brands, and $9,75a10,50 for extra and extra family. Rye Flour is in limited request. Small sales at $6,50a6,75. Corn Meal—The stock is light and prices are firm at the advance noted last week. Sales of 600 bbls Pennsylvania at $4,25 per bbl.

Inspections of Flour and Meal for the week ending the 4th inst.:

Barrels of Superfine		15,561
Do	Fine	65
Do	Middlings	17
Do	Rye	221
Do	Corn Meal	1,125
Do	Condemned	79
Total		17,330

GRAIN—Supplies of Wheat continue to come forward very slowly. There has been an increased demand and prices have slightly improved. Sales of 15,000 bushels at $2,10a2,12 per bushel for fair and prime red, and $1,90 a2,25 for poor and prime white. Rye is scarce, and taken on arrival at $1,35. The market is nearly bare of Corn, and prices have again advanced 2a3c per bushel. Sales of 10,000 bushels new yellow at 93a95c, mostly at 95 cts, and some old at the latter rate. Oats are in steady demand. Sales of 12,000 bushels Southern at 55c per bushel, and Pennsylvania at 55a56c.

PROVISIONS—There has been more inquiry for Pork, and 3a4000 bbls clear Mess—about all here—sold on private terms. No Prime here. Beef is held firmly. Small sales of Mess for ship stores at $17,50, cash. Bacon—The stock is about exhausted, and there is little or none coming in. We quote Hams at 10a13c, as a quality. Sides 7½a 8c, and Shoulders at 6½a7c. Sales of 1,500a2,000 pieces Sides in dry salt at 6½c, and Shoulders at 5½a6c, cash and on time. Lard—The demand has been limited, but prices remain without change. We quote bbls at 9½a10c, and kegs at 11a11½c per lb, on time. Butter is unchanged. Sales of Ohio and Pennsylvania Roll from 18 to 21c per lb, as to quality, and solid packed at 12a14c. In Cheese but little doing.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There has been a slightly increased demand for some descriptions of goods, but prices remain without change.

BARK—The stock of Quercitron Bark is small, and there is very little coming in. Sales of 30 hhds No 1 at $33 per ton. No Tanner's Bark offering.

BEESWAX—Is scarce. Small sales of good yellow at 27a28c per lb, cash.

CANDLES—Are in steady demand without change in prices. Sales of 100 boxes Sperm at 30a31c, and 100 boxes Adamantine at 21a22c per lb, 4 mos, as to quality.

COAL—Prices remain without change. There is a fair demand for home consumption, but not much inquiry for shipment, owing to the high rates of freight to the Eastward. The receipts by railroad are quite moderate. Nothing doing in Bituminous Coal.

The following is the amount of Coal shipped from the wharves of the Reading Railroad at Richmond for the month of Dec., 1854:

Ships	Barques	Brigs	Schrs	Sloops	Boats	Destination.	Tons.
1	3	15	19	00	00	Boston and vicinity,	15,287
00	00	00	11	00	00	Conn. and R. Island,	1,855
00	00	00	43	00	27	N. Y. and vicinity,	13,229
00	00	00	00	4	00	North River,	602
2	1	00	37	17	31	Southern Ports,	9,981
3	1	15	114	17	58		

COFFEE—An import of 3,000 bags Maracaibo, and one of 900 bags St. Domingo have arrived since our last notice. The demand has been fair, and prices are well maintained. Sales of 900 bags Rio at 9¾a10¼c, and some Laguayra at 11c per lb, on time. An import of St. Domingo sold at 9c, cash.

COPPER—Is dull. Small sales of English Sheathing at 31c, and Yellow Metal at 26c per lb, 6 mos.

COTTON—There has been but little activity in the Cotton market during the past week, but the receipts and stocks are light, and prices have undergone no change. Sales of 800 bales Upland at 8a10½c per lb, and New Orleans at 9a11¼c, on time.

Comparative view of the Foreign Exports, Receipts and Stocks of Cotton of the United States at the latest dates, for the last four years:

Years.	1854.	1853.	1852.	1851.
To Great Britain	222,851	158,814	332,163	260,324
France	70,749	41,565	51,093	78,231
Other For. Ports	32,001	29,211	32,685	81,21?
Total sales	325,607	229,590	416,421	315,773
Receipts	610,207	509,780	1,031,194	631,871
Stocks	299,929	419,464	499,005	253,910

FISH—The demand for Mackerel continues limited, and the sales are confined to retail lots from store at $19,50 per bbl for large No 1; $18,50 for No 2, and $9,50 for No 3. Small Fish sell at proportionate rates. Prices of Codfish and Herring are unchanged.

FRUIT—In foreign there has been but little doing. A cargo of Malaga Fruit has arrived, but it is not yet landed. Small sales of Raisins at $2,80 per box, and half and quarter boxes at proportionate rates. Dried Apples and Peaches sell slowly at our last quotations. Cranberries are scarce, and worth $10a11 per bbl.

GINSENG—No transactions in either Crude or Clarified.

GUANO—There is no demand and nothing doing.

HEMP—Is held firmly, but no sales have been reported.

HIDES—An import of about 3,000 Maracaibo and one of Laguayra, just arrived, and remains unsold.

HOPS—Are more inquired after, and some purchases have been made for export. Sales of new Eastern at 35c, Western at 37c, and old at 30a31c per lb.

INDIGO—Prices are firm, but the sales have been unimportant.

IRON—The market continues depressed and prices are nominal. 100 tons Forge sold at about $25 per ton, 6 mos, and 50 tons No 1 Anthracite at $32, 6 mos. In Scotch Pig nothing doing. Small sales of Bar and Boiler Iron are making at former rates.

LEAD—Is but little inquired after, and no sales have come under our notice.

LEATHER—Prices are firm for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter, but prices are unchanged.

LUMBER—The market remains without change.—There is but little demand for any description, and the sales have been only in retail lots.

MOLASSES—Supplies continue to come forward very slowly. There is a fair inquiry, and but little stock here to operate in. Sales of 400 bbls New Orleans at 25a26c, 4 mos.

NAVAL STORES—Continue dull, considerable sales of Common Rosin have been made at $1,70 per barrel.—There is very little doing in Tar or Pitch, and no change to notice in prices. Spirits of Turpentine is in limited request. Small sales at 47a48c, cash and on time.

OILS—Fish Oils are held firmly, and there is a steady store demand. Sales of Crude Whale at 60a70c, on time. Linseed Oil sells slowly at 85a88c, on time. Lard Oil remains without change.

PLASTER—Is dull. We quote at $2,62½a2,75 per ton.

RICE—Supplies come forward very slowly, but the article continues to meet a limited inquiry. Small sales at 5a5¼c per lb, on time.

SALT—All the recent arrivals have been disposed of on terms not made public.

SEEDS—There is very little Cloverseed coming in.—Sales of 200 bushels from wagons at $6,25a6,50 per 64 lbs. Timothy is not inquired after. Flaxseed is wanted, but there is none offering. It is worth $1,80 per bushel.

SPICES—The only sales reported were small lots of Nutmegs at $1 per lb, 6 mos.

SPIRITS—Prices are steady for Brandy and Gin, with moderate sales. N. E. Rum sells at 38c. Whiskey is dull. Small sales at 37c in hhds, and 38a39c in bbls, which is a decline.

SUGAR—Supplies continue to come forward very slowly. There is a fair demand, and prices are well maintained. Sales of 700 hhds new crop at 5a5¼ cts per lb, on time.

TALLOW—Is scarce, and prices rather higher. Sales of City Rendered at 12½a12¾c per lb, cash.

TEAS—There is a steady demand without change in prices.

TOBACCO—Prices are steady for both Leaf and Manufactured, but there is very little doing.

WINES—No transactions worthy of notice.

WOOL—The market has been rather dull, and prices rather favor buyers. Sales of 100,000 lbs at 25a30c per lb, 6 mos.

FREIGHTS—Are dull, both to foreign and coastwise ports, and the rates are nearly nominal. 10,000 bushels Corn were taken at 6d; some Pork at 17s 6d per ton. To San Francisco we quote at 35a40c. The Colliers obtained $3 per ton to Boston, and $2 to New York.—*Inquirer.*

NEW YORK MARKETS, JAN. 6.

ASHES—The market is unsettled for Pearls—small sales of new bills Pots at $6,62½a6,75. Saleratus is quiet at 5½c, cash.

COTTON—Closes steady at the improving notices.

FLOUR—There is more steadiness in the low grades of State and Western Flour, with a fair Eastern and more export demand. The very ordinary brands of State are unsaleable, as many of them are passed by certain inspectors as superfine, when really they are poor No 2 medium grades, more suitable for the East, and are not so freely offered as yesterday. The better grades are steady but quiet. The sales of Western Canal are 5,000 barrels at $8,81¼a9,06 for common to good State, $9,12½a9,62½ for mixed to good brands of Upper Lake, Michigan, Indiana, and common to good Ohio, and $11a12 for extra Genesee. The stock here as made up yesterday is 199,000 barrels. Southern Flour firm and in fair demand. Sales of 1,900 bbls at $9,25a9,87½ for mixed to good brands Baltimore, Alexandria and Georgetown, and $10a10,75 for fancy and extra brands. Rye Flour is plenty at $6,25a7,25. Corn Meal better. Sales of 350 bbls Jersey at $4,37½a4,44, and $4,87½a5 for Brandywine. Buckwheat Flour plenty at $3a3,75 per 100 lbs.

GRAIN—Holders are firm for Wheat, and the stock of all kinds is reduced to 71,000 bushels, and with limited arrivals a fair milling and export demand, and prices tend upwards. Rye firm at $1,30a1,40 for Northern. Oats are buoyant at 60a66c for State and Western. Corn arrives sparingly and the market better; demand fair, in part for shipping. Sales of 25,000 bushels at $1,05 for Western mixed in store, $1,05a1,08 for Southern white, the inside price for 10,000 bushels to arrive, and $1,05 for round Western to arrive.

HOPS—Are not very active, prices are steady; sales of 40 bales Eastern and Western, crop 1854, at 35a37c.

PROVISIONS—The inquiry is light, yesterday old Mess declined rapidly. There was quite a panic in the market, and the transactions were quite large. To-day Mess is quiet at $11,50a13, new do $14 for Western, and $14,50 for city. Old Prime $10 and new $12,75, and 14 for Western. Prime Mess more active. Sales of Western at $14a15,50, and city do $15a16. Beef is in moderate demand and plenty at $8,75a11,50 for country Mess; $12,50 for Vermont Mess, 15 for extra do; $15a15,50 for repacked Chicago and Wisconsin and $16a17 for country Prime. Prime Mess is firm at $21,50a22,50. Beef Hams are steady at $15a16.

WHISKEY—The market is better, demand fair. Sales of 500 bbls at 37c for Ohio, and 37a37½c for prison. Drudge is quiet at 36a36½c, time and interest.

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 8.—During the past week the offerings of Beef Cattle amounted to about 1400 head, nearly all of which were disposed of in this market at prices ranging from $8 to 11 per 100 lbs. Cows sold at prices quoted last week, from $18 to 40. The supply of Hogs was quite large, amounting to 1,400 head, they were sold at from $6,50 to 7 per 100 lbs. Sheep and Lambs, about 1,500 offered, and were sold at from $2,50 to 6,50, according to quality and condition.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots

OF DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 28 and 30 Ann Street New York.
OF FEDERHEN & Co., Boston, Mass.
OF MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
OF J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
OF HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
OF F. HAGAN & Co., Nashville, Tenn.
OF S. W. PEASE, 28 West Sixth St., and 89 East Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

☞ This dangerous and often fatal disease had long baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians, when the discovery of Dr. M'Lane's Liver Pills solved the difficulty, and presented to the world the *Great Specific* for that complicated malady, which has attained such widely spread celebrity for its certainty of cure. This successful remedy was the result of many years' study, in which the symptoms were narrowly observed, and are thus described by the Doctor himself:—

"*Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.*—Pain in the right side, and sometimes in the left, under the edge of the ribs—the patient being rarely able to lie on the left; pain sometimes under the shoulder-blade, frequently extending to the top of the shoulder—often mistaken for rheumatism in the arm; sickness of stomach, and loss of appetite; bowels mostly costive, but sometimes alternate with lax; dull, heavy sensation in the back part of the head; loss of memory, with uneasiness of having neglected something; sometimes dry cough; weariness and debility; nervous irritability; feet cold or burning, and prickly sensation of skin; low spirits, lassitude, with disinclination to exercise, although satisfied it would be beneficial. In fact, patient distrusts every remedy."

Have you any, or all of these symptoms? If so, you will find a certain remedy in Dr. M'Lane's Pills.

☞ Purchasers will be careful to ask for Dr. M'Lane's Celebrated Liver Pills, and take none else. There are other Pills, purporting to be Liver Pills, now before the public. Dr. M'Lane's Liver Pills, also his Celebrated Vermifuge, can now be had at all respectable Drug Stores in the United States and Canada.

ALMANAC.

Jan, 1855.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
13 Saturday,	7 16	4 52	9 29	
14 Sunday,	7 17	4 53	10 23	
15 Monday,	7 16	4 44	11 22	
16 Tuesday,	7 15	4 45	12 35	D. H. M.
17 Wed'sday,	7 14	4 46	1 19	Full 3 3 11
18 Thursday,	7 13	4 47	2 12	Last 11 7 3
19 Friday,	7 12	4 48	3 6	New 18 3 24
20 Saturday,	7 12	4 48	4 1	First 24 8 25

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Ridgebury, Pa., Jan. 1st, 1855, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Geo. P. Porter, Mr. William Scott, Jr. of Athens Township, to Miss M. E. Casady, of the former place.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. D. Kurtz, Mr. J. Pitney Sharp, to Miss Anna E. Cook, both of this city.

On the 6th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Ashton, Mr. Francis Miller, of New Hampshire, to Miss Elizabeth Maddock, of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. David W. Bartine, Mr. Henry W. Ridgway, to Miss Jane Pollock, all of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. William Cooper, Mr. Abraham Stiles, of Marietta, Pa. to Miss Mary G. Reed, of Columbia.

On the 1st instant, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. Algernon Weiss, to Miss Martha J. Hillman, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. E. N. Lightner, Mr. William Earnshaw, to Miss Ann Jenkinson, both of Upper Merion, Montgomery county.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Smith, of Calvary Church, Charles H. Yost, to Miss Mary A. Ward, all of this city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. John D. Wall, to Miss Sarah Ryan, daughter of Jesse Ryan, Esq. formerly of York, Pa.

On the 30th ult., by Friends' Ceremony, before Mayor Conrad, Joseph G. Brown, of Wilmington, Del. to Kate M. Bostwick, daughter of the late John Bostwick, of Ulster county, New York.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Joseph H. Breiner, to Miss Lucy A. Gilbert, all of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by Alderman Jacob R. Coats, Mr. Charles Shrock, to Miss Emelia Bowen, all of this city.

On the 21th ultimo, by the Rev. Andrew Manship, Mr. Henry Shuck, to Miss Elizabeth Donnelly, all of Philadelphia.

At Beverly, N. J. on the 29th ult. by the Rev. Charles Rouse, Mr. Charles Troxell, of Philadelphia, to Miss Sarah Amelia, daughter of the officiating clergyman.

On the 31st ultimo, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. George W. Mason, to Miss Jane Saunders.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Crawford, Mr. Thomas M. Clark, to Miss Rebecca J. Ferry, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. William M. Baum, at Manayunk, Mr. Hiram C. Baum, of this city, to Miss Lydia James, of Manayunk, Pa.

At Montgomery Square, Pa., on the 30th ult. by the Rev. J. M. Olmstead, of Philadelphia, Mr. William Harrar, of Montgomery county, to Miss Martha W. daughter of Theo. Rogers, of this city.

Deaths.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st inst. Mr. Charles J. Wagner, aged 40.

On the 1st inst. George W. Dealyer, aged 39 years.

In Fulton Township, Lancaster county, on Saturday, 23d of December, William Hutton, in the 55th year of his age.

On the 2d instant, Clara Virginia, daughter of H. G. and Annie F. Dodbett, aged 2 years and 3 months.

On the 2d instant, John Devlin, aged 22 years.

On the 2d inst. Mary Elizabeth, daughter of John and Mary A. Potts, aged 2 years.

On the 2d inst. Mr. William Davis, aged 77 years.

On the 3d inst. William McAnény, aged 60 years.

On the 3d inst. Elizabeth Davis, aged 26 years.

On the 2d inst. Mrs. Mary Divers, aged 39 years.

On the 3d inst. Thomas Lynch, aged 21 years.

On the 3d inst. Susan, daughter of Owen and Jane Morris, aged 23 months.

On the 1st instant, Miss Elizabeth J. Naylor, aged 19 years.

On the 31st ult. Susan A. daughter of the late Fredk. M. and Jane Smith.

On the 1st inst. Mrs. Selina Lees, aged 21 years.

On the 1st instant, Sarah E. daughter of John D. and Harriet Ernest, aged 12 years.

On the 31st ultimo, Mrs. Catharine McNamee, aged 48 years.

On the 31st ult. Richard Vernon, son of Wm. and Mary M. Jones, aged 18 months.

On the 1st inst. George, son of Geo. and Phebe Armstrong, aged 2 years and 3 months.

On the 1st inst. Mrs. Harriet Boal, aged 22 years.

On the 31st ult. Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Wm. and Edith A. Brown, aged 10 years.

On the 30th ult. Frederick, son of Henry and Mary Mansfield, aged 1 years and 2 months.

On the 31st ultimo, Sarah, widow of the late Westal Richardson, aged 7? years.

On the 1st inst. William Little, aged 50 years.

On the 2d inst. John Henry, son of John and the late Margaret Hummel, aged 2 years.

On the 1st inst. Charles H. Dollas, aged 4 years and 7 months.

On the 2d inst. Miss Mary J. McKeague, aged 31.

On the 2d inst. Bernard Finley, aged 47 years.

On the 1st inst. Mrs. Catharine Bloomer, aged 6?.

On the 31st ult. Mrs. Mary Tripner, aged 75 years.

On the 1st instant, George Harvey, son of John and Eliza Henderson, aged 19 months.

On the 29th ult. Margaret Matthews, aged 51.

On the 30th ult. Henry A. son of Curtis and Amanda Knowlton, aged 18 years.

On the 30th ult. Mr. William Hooven, aged 69 years.

On the 30th ult. Charles Louis, son of Henry G. and Rosina Haedrich, aged 2 years and 9 months.

On the 30th ult. Margaret Ann, daughter of Harmon and Eleanor Lake, aged 3 years.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY DREXEL & CO., BROKERS,
No. 22 S. Third St.

PHILADELPHIA, January 13, 1855.

PENNSYLVANIA		**SOUTH CAROLINA**	
Solvent banks	par to 1 dis	Solvent banks	1 dis
Relief notes	par to 1 dis	**GEORGIA**	
NEW JERSEY		Solvent banks	1½ dis
Solvent banks	par to ½ dis	Bk St Mary's	70 dis
DELAWARE		**ALABAMA**	
Solvent banks	par	Solvent banks	2 dis
Under 5's	½ dis	**MISSISSIPPI**	
Bk Milford	failed	All banks	uncertain
MARYLAND		**LOUISIANA**	
Solvent banks	par to ½ dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
Salisbury		**OHIO**	
Havre de Grace	failed	Solvent banks	2 dis
Far & Millers		Com. Bk., Toledo,	10 dis
Far & Mer Bk, Kent Co.,	30 dis	Ohio Savings bk	failed
DIS. OF COLUMBIA		Bk of Wooster	30 dis
Exchange Bank	failed	Bk of Norwalk	60 dis
Solvent banks	½ dis	Bk Hamilton	failed
NEW YORK		Bk of Circleville	failed
Solvent banks	par to ½ dis	Canal Bk Cleveland	10 dis
8th Avenue bk	10 dis	City Bk of Columbus	10 dis
Knickerbocker bk	10 dis	Mec & Tra Bk Cin	10 dis
Lewis co bk	75 dis	Sandusky City Bk	10 dis
James bk	25 dis	**KENTUCKY**	
New Rochelle	20 dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
Far Bk, Onondaga	25 dis	Commercial Bank	5 dis
Mer & Man Bank, Oswego	35 dis	Newport Safety Fund	failed
Drovers Bk, Ogdensburg	10 dis	Kentucky Trust Co	do
Ex'ge Bk, Buffalo	20 dis	**INDIANA**	
Empire City bk	15 dis	State bk	2 dis
Central bk	10 dis	Small notes	3 dis
MAINE		Free bks	20 dis
Solvent banks	½ dis	Washtenaw	no sale
Monson river bk	10 dis	Bk Connersville	10 dis
Ellsworth bk	50 dis	**ILLINOIS**	
Ship-builders' bk	50 dis	Solvent Free Banks	10 dis
Bk of Hallowell	5 dis	Phenix, Chicago	25 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE		Far Bk, Chicago	25 dis
Solvent banks	½ dis	Union Bk Chicago	25 dis
VERMONT		City Bank do	25 dis
Solvent banks	½ dis	Bank of Naperville	25 dis
Stark Bk Bennington	60 dis	**MISSOURI**	
CONNECTICUT		Solvent banks	2 dis
Solvent banks	½ dis	**TENNESSEE**	
Woodbury Bank	5 dis	Solvent banks	2½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS		Farmers' and Merchants', Memphis	failed
Solvent banks	½ dis	**MICHIGAN**	
Cochituate Bank	60 dis	Solvent banks	10 dis
RHODE ISLAND		Erie and Kalamazoo bank	75 dis
Solvent banks	½ dis	**ARKANSAS**	
CANADA		All bks	no sale
Solvent banks	1½ dis	**WISCONSIN**	
Far Joint Stock Bk	failed	Solvent banks	10 dis
VIRGINIA		**TEXAS**	
Solvent banks	1½ dis	Commercial and Agricultural bk, Galveston	10 per cent
NORTH CAROLINA			
Solvent banks	3 dis		

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Twenty-five cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
Double column Advertisements, a price and a half.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

CIRCULATION BETWEEN EIGHTY AND NINETY THOUSAND.

☞ Persons purchasing articles advertised in our columns, will confer a favor by mentioning that they saw the advertisement in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER.
No. 84 South Fourth Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing dull:

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.			Reading	27½	31½
U S 6 per ct '68	108	—	" preferred	—	—
" " '67	114½	—	Minehill	50	51
" " '62	110	116½	Har & Lan	54½	55
" " '56	105½	106½	Phil & Sun	—	—
" 5 " '65	103	105	Chester Valley	6	7
Int. off			Tioga	11	—
Phila 6 per ct	99	—	" preferred	—	—
" " new	97	97½	P W & Balt	31	31
Cam City 6 per ct	87	90	Sun & Erie	—	—
Pitts 6 pr ct	70	80	Long Island	13½	13½
Alle'y city 6 pr ct	67	70	**CANAL STOCKS.**		
" county	80	85	Schuyl Nav	19	20
Penna 5 per ct '70	84	84½	" pref'd	27	28
" 5 "	84	—	Lehigh Nav	55	56
" " coupon	85	—	Morris	12½	13½
Tenn 6 per ct	85	90	" pref'd	99	100
" 5 "	77	80	C & Del	—	—
" " coupon	77	80	Union	8	9
Ches & Del	90	91	Sus & Tidewater	8	11
Kentucky 6 per ct	97	99	**BANK STOCKS.**		
Illinois 6 "	—	—	North Amer	144	145
St Louis 6 per ct	85	87	Penna	105	106
Texas Reg Notes	35	40	Phila	124	125
Penna R R 6 pr ct	99	99½	Far & Mec	63	63½
C & Am R R 6 pr ct	81½	82	Commercial	50	52
Sun Ere R R	50	70	N Liberty	50	—
P G A N R R	92	95	Mechanics	27	27½
Reading R R	75	75	Southwark	71	—
" " "	81	81	P Township	30	35
" Mort	81	85	Kensington	66	68
H & Lan R R	—	90	Girard	11½	12
P & S R R 7 pr ct	75	80	Western	63½	64
Ches Val R R	40	50	Man & Mech	29	30
Tioga R R	80	—	Commerce	50	—
Phil Wil & Bal	99½	—	Tradesmen's	60	—
Wm R R 6 pr ct	—	—	United States	2	2
Long I R R	69	70	Pittsburg	53½	57
Sch Nav '82	70	72	M & M Pitts	50	55
Lehigh Nav	92	95	Exch'ge Pitts	50	55
" Mort	90	95	Kentucky	103	105
C & D Cl	75	83	Northern, Ky	102	104
Sus & Tid '78	35	40	Louisville, Ky	99	99
RAILROAD STOCKS.			Farmers, Ky	99	—
Cam & Am	126	130	Union, N'sh, Tenn	99	100
Penna	41	41½	Plant's, Tenn	98	—
Sun Mdw	2½	3	Com & R Vcks	—	10
Phil Ger & Nor	53½	55	N O Gas Lo	108	110½

MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S NEW WORK.

MARRIED SHREW: THREE SISTERS: THE FINE FIGURE: SYBIL BROTHERTON: ANNIE GREY: ACROSS THE STREET: THUNDERBOLT TO THE HEARTH: IRISH REFUGEE: AND WINNY: being NINE Novellettes, all by Mrs. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, are contained in one volume called "THE WIFE'S VICTORY," and other Novellettes, published and for sale at the Cheap Book Store of
T. B. PETERSON,
No. 102 CHESNUT Street, Philadelphia.
Price 75 cents in paper, or One Dollar in cloth.
☞ Only one of the Ten Novellettes contained in this volume, has ever been published in the Saturday Evening Post, consequently, every reader of the Post should at once send to T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia, for a copy bound in one volume, in cloth. It will be sent, by mail, to any one to any place, *free of postage*, on the person wishing it, enclosing One Dollar in a letter, to the publisher,
T. B. PETERSON,
No. 102 CHESNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

1,000 AGENTS WANTED to sell an article that meets with general favor, and pays a profit of 200 per cent. For particulars, address, post-paid,
POMEROY & CO.,
Albion, New York.

COUNTRY BANKS AND BANKERS.—The advertiser regularly brought up to the banking business, under one of the ablest bankers of the day, and who is still the presiding officer of the bank whose business he has conducted for the last 20 years, is desirous of obtaining the post of Cashier of some solid, respectable country bank, one doing or desiring to do a legitimate banking business. To the directors of an institution wishing an officer who will conduct its affairs in a safe, prudent and profitable manner, the advertiser offers himself, confident not only of winning but of retaining their respect and confidence. No apology is deemed necessary for this somewhat novel manner of making his views and wishes known to those whom he desires to reach, as the names of his references and testimonials will speak for him.
Address, JOHN V. LEROY,
Box 111 Post Office, New York.

TO PERSONS OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.
BOOK AGENTS WANTED, TO SELL USEFUL AND PICTORIAL WORKS FOR 1855.

WANTED in every section of the United States, active and enterprising men, to engage in the sale of "SEARS' GREAT WORK ON RUSSIA," just published, and some of the best books issued in the country. To men of good address, possessing a small capital of from $25 to $100, such inducements will be offered as will enable them to make from $3 to $5 per day profit.
☞ The Books published by us are all useful in their character, extremely popular, and command large sales wherever they are offered. For further particulars, address, (post-paid,)
ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
181 William Street, New York.
☞ Send for one Copy.—The readers of the "Post" are respectfully informed that single copies of the work on "RUSSIA," will be carefully enveloped in stout paper, and sent FREE, AT OUR RISK, to any Post-Office, on the receipt of the established retail price, THREE DOLLARS, addressed as above.

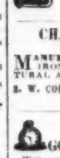
3,000 AGENTS WANTED, to transact business now paying $60 per month. For full particulars, address, (post paid,)
SPENCER & Co., Gardner, Ohio.

SKATES.—6,000 pairs Steel, Fancy and Plain. Also, Ladies' Shoe Skates, at the Agency of the Newark Skate Co.
W. W. KNIGHT,
222 Market Street, North side, below Sixth.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.—In every County in the Union, to sell THE UNIVERSAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD FROM THE CREATION TO THE YEAR 1780, by John Von Muller. Revised and brought down to the present time, by W. R. Murray, Esq. Complete in one royal octavo volume of over 1,000 pages. Elegantly illustrated with numerous engravings from original designs, by S. W. Rowse. Any comment respecting the fitness of Mr. Von Muller for the preparation of a work of this kind will be entirely superfluous. Known as he is to the literary and scientific world. It will suffice to say that the mechanical execution of the work is every way worthy of the contents, and that the book is admirably suited to the wants of the American people.
"The value of this work, as a comprehensive historical manual, has been fully tested."—N. Y. Tribune.
"We have seen no work of the kind as complete and admirable in all respects."—Providence Tribune.
Sold only by subscription. Good inducements offered to Agents.
J. S. STICKNEY, Publisher,
No. 19 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.

THE CHEAPEST CLUBBING YET OFFERED.
OVER TWO THOUSAND LARGE DOUBLE Column Octavo Pages of instructive and entertaining reading for the home circle, and several hundred fine Steel and Wood Engravings, (including the latest styles of ladies' Costume, and an endless variety of Needle Work Patterns,) for $3.50. This is the price for one year of GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, and T. S. Arthur's beautiful Home Magazine, when taken together. The one is $3, and the other a $2 Magazine. 4 Copies of Arthur's Home Magazine will be sent one year for $5.
Address T. S. ARTHUR & Co., or L. A. GODEY, Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA
CRYSTAL BUILDING,
North-West Corner of Fourth and Chesnut Streets.



F. H. SMITH,
MANUFACTURER OF
Porte-Monnaies, Pocket Books, Bankers' Cases, Rosewood and Leather Writing Desks, Dressing Cases and Work Boxes.
Also, Dealer in
FANCY GOODS, POCKET CUTLERY, AND GOLD PENS.
Wholesale Room on 2nd floor.

CHARLES H. GALLAGHER,
(Late MORE & GALLAGHER,)
MANUFACTURER OF WROUGHT AND CAST IRON RAILING, VERANDAHS, ARCHITECTURAL AND ORNAMENTAL IRON WORKS.
S. W. COR. OF RIDGE AVENUE AND BROAD ST., PHILADELPHIA.

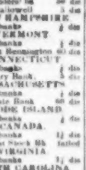
S. M. HOPPER.
GOLD LEVER WATCHES.
With a much larger stock, and increased business facilities, the subscriber would again solicit the attention of his old customers, and the public in general, to his large and very superior stock of
WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, &c.,
to which he is constantly adding, both in quantity and variety, and the public may feel assured that from his increasing business, the subscriber is now enabled to offer much stronger inducements to purchasers in the above line than heretofore.
GOLD LEVER WATCHES,
in prices varying from $25 to $175. Silver Watches from $12 to $35 do.; and others, both Gold and Silver, at lower prices than the above. Also, a great variety of Gold Fob and Vest Chains, Seals, Keys, &c., &c.
JEWELRY
of every description and the latest styles, Plain and Ornamental, Pins, Ear-Rings, Necklaces, Finger-Rings, &c., Gold Pencils, Medallions, and Chains of every variety, Ladies' Guard-Chains, both long and short. Also, a large assortment of Diamonds, Rubies, Opals, &c., set in various styles.
SILVERWARE.
In the manufacture of this article nothing is used for melting but half-dollars, (old silver is never remelted except when requested,) the public may, therefore, feel assured that they can get no better article nor at a lower price. Tea-Spoons from $1.50 to $9.00; Table-Spoons from $11 to $20, the quality the same, the difference being in weight. Tea-Setts made to order, Table, Tea, and Desert Forks, Butter Knives, Napkin Rings, Fish, Cake and Pie Knives, Soup and Oyster Ladles, &c.
PLATED WARE.
Plated Tea-Setts, several patterns. Also, Cake Baskets, Castors, Spoons and Forks, Oyster and Soup Ladles, best quality of plated. Also, Britannia Ware of various patterns. All the above goods will be warranted to be what they are represented, and sold at the very lowest prices.
S. M. HOPPER,
No. 60 Chesnut St., between 2d and 3d, South side.
Old Silver taken in exchange, as is usual, and the highest price allowed, but as above stated, is not re-melted, but is otherwise disposed of.

PHILADELPHIA WATCH and JEWELRY STORE, No. 96 N. 2nd St., cor. of Quarry St. Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, 18 k cases, $25 to $150. Gold Lepine Watches, 18 k cases, $21 to $50. Silver Levers, full jewelled, $12 to $45. Silver Lepine, $9 to $12. Also, fine Gold Jewelry and Silver Ware.
STAUFFER & HARLEY.

BOOK AGENTS!
DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY?
IF YOU DO, engage with LEARY & GETZ, to sell their valuable Publications, for the following good reasons:—
They publish none but GOOD BOOKS.
Their Books will move readily than any others.
They are content, themselves, with small profits, and are thus willing to offer greater inducements to their Agents than any other publishers.
☞ For further particulars, address, (postage paid,)
LEARY & GETZ,
No. 138 North Second Street, Philadelphia.

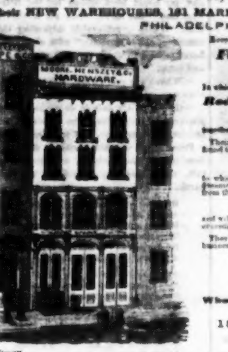
ROOT'S FREE GALLERY.
140 Chesnut Street, below Fifth, Philadelphia.
DAGUERREOTYPES!
Life like, Durable, and of rare Artistic Excellence.
PHOTOGRAPHS! (Called Crystalotypes, or Mezzographs,) in light or shade, or tinted or colored to the Life.
STEREOSCOPIC and Crayon Daguerrian Miniatures, Highly Finished, Beautiful and Wonderfully Translucent, taken in any Weather. Promptly, at moderate prices, and warranted to please, at
ROOT'S PREMIUM GALLERY.
Instructions given in all branches of Photography—and Instruments for sale, WARRANTED.

PALMER'S PATENT LEG.



The American invention stands unrivalled both in this country and in Europe. It is worn by 1,000 persons, and with most astonishing success. In competition with 30 other substitutes of the best French, English, and German manufacture, it received the award of the GREAT MEDAL at the WORLD'S EXHIBITION in LONDON, as the best artificial limb known. In this country it has been thirty times exhibited, in competition with all others, at the annual Fairs in the principal cities, and has, in every instance, received the award of the highest or first premium. And as a crowning honor, by the unanimous approval of an international council, the "First Premium"—only Silver Medal given for Limbs—was awarded the inventor, at the New York Crystal Palace.
Pamphlets giving full information, sent gratis to every applicant.
B. FRANK PALMER,
376 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC HARDWARE.
MOORE, HENSZEY & CO., *Hardware Jobbers,*
At their NEW WAREHOUSES, 181 MARKET and 16 COMMERCE STS, PHILADELPHIA.



Have constantly on hand a very large assortment of
Foreign and Domestic Hardware,
In which there will be found a choice selection of
Rodgers & Wostenholm's Knives, Razors, &c., &c.,
together with a variety of other most Makers.
Their assortment of all kinds of Hardware will be found to be very complete, including a full stock of
Guns, Rifles, &c.,
to which they are constantly adding by nearly every steamer; and they invite the attention of BUYERS from the
SOUTH AND WEST,
and will sell at the very Lowest Market Prices for Cash or credit.
They also give notice that they have succeeded to the business of
Wm. T. Howell & Co.
AND
Longstreth & Buzby,
Whose Books will be Settled at their Store,
181 MARKET STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL,
FOR JANUARY, 1855, NOW READY.
Containing the Philosophy of Water Cure. Respiration—The Wet-Sheet Pack—Advice to the Young, with Illustrations. Practical Water Cure. Rheumatic Palsy—Spasmodic Cholera. Dress Reform—Short Skirts—Good News for Bloomers. Personal Experience—Coughing in Church. The Beard question—N. Y. Hydropathic School—New Spring Debated—To You—Prizes and Premiums—The Maine Law Question—New Presents of Bread Making. Varieties. The Famous Horse Tamer—Wonderful Cure. The Goat in the Chair—Not Ashamed of their Tables—To Make Hard Water Soft—Facts—Taking Things Easy—Sharp Practice in Hydropathy—Peach Invented. Patent Medicine—Accidental Poisoning—Home Voices—Literary Notices—Matrimony, &c., &c. Terms.—Only $1 a year, or twenty copies for $10. Published by FOWLERS AND WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, New York.
We know of no periodical which presents a greater abundance of valuable information on all subjects relating to human progress and welfare.—*New York Tribune.*
The most popular Health Journal in the world.—*Evening Post.*

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL,
NOW READY, FOR JANUARY, 1855.
Contents of No. 1, Vol. 21. The Future of Phrenology—Human Nature as Revealed in Hours of Danger. Biography—Thomas H. Benton, with a Likeness. The Temperaments—Letters to a Young Student—Phrenology of the Indians. Hints at the Rationale of Mental Phenomena—The Utility of Phrenology. The Soul and the Outer World—A Visionist—Two Paths in Life—Physiological School—Phrenology in Philadelphia—Phrenology in Brampton, Canada—Phrenology in Boston. Literary Notices—Notes and Comments. Revolution in Building—Difference in Men. The Men of Toil—A Log School-House—Sir Charles Napier, with Engraved Portrait. Life Illustrated—Analysis of the Organs, &c. Terms—$1 a year, or twenty copies for $10. Published by FOWLERS AND WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y. Now is the time to make up clubs for 1855. Agents wanted.
Devoted to the highest happiness and interests of man, written in the clear and lively style of its practical editors, and afforded at the "low price" of one dollar a year, must succeed in running up its present large circulation to a much higher figure.—*New York Tribune.*
All who can read the English language, would be greatly improved by perusing it.—*Westfield News Letter.*
Terms to Clubs for either the Phrenological or Water-Cure Journals.—Single Copy, one year, $1 00; Five Copies, one year, $4 00; Ten Copies, one year, $7 00; Twenty Copies, one year, $10 00.
Please address, post-paid, to FOWLERS AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

THE NEW WORLD.
THE MOST SPLENDID VOLUME OF HISTORY EVER PUBLISHED.
Embracing North and South America.
BY HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL, A. M.
Two Volumes Bound in one.
The following are very brief synopsis of the principal divisions of history contained in this work, and it is only necessary to add that it embraces the most full and extended account of every portion of the western hemisphere from its discovery to the present period, ever published.
Vol. I contains an account of the Spaniards, including full accounts of the conquest, settlement and history, to the present time, of all those extensive regions formerly under the rule of Spain. Next come the French in America, and the Dutch in America, with a full history to the present time of the country that they colonized.
Vol. II begins with the English in America, and a full history of their settlements in the old thirteen States.
A minute account of the oppression by the crown, and the progress and situation of the Colonies at that time, then following, the American Revolution. The events of this glorious struggle for Liberty is portrayed with great force and minuteness. And from that time to the present, embracing every incident in the history of our glorious republic, comprising an impartial history of every administration, including the present, and of all the political parties.
The character of the illustrations is of a higher and more magnificent standard than has ever been attempted heretofore, being from designs by Darley, Billings, Wallin, and Doepler, and elegantly colored (except the portraits) with from five to nine different tints, true in nature, so as to impart a close resemblance to well-finished paintings.
This work is printed from new and handsome type, also on paper of extra quality as regards texture and permanency, and comprises over 1,300 pages of octavo, with over 400 illustrations, Engravings, bound in embossed black morocco, leather binding with tinted edges.
To men of energy and business tact in every part of the country, this offers an opportunity afforded them to do a good business by engaging to sell this important work, which is sold only by subscription.
☞ For particulars, address the Publishers,
DAYTON & WENTWORTH,
86 Washington St., Boston.

BUCHANAN'S ANTHROPOLOGY.
JUST PUBLISHED,
OUTLINES OF LECTURES ON THE NEUROLOGICAL SYSTEM OF ANTHROPOLOGY, by J. R. Buchanan, M. D., in Four Parts. Part 1, Phrenology. Part 2, Cerebral Physiology. Part 3, Pathognomy. Part 4, Sarcognomy. With Numerous Original Engravings. Price Two Dollars.
LANGUAGE OF THE PRESS.
[illegible]
☞ For Two Dollars sent by mail to Dr. J. R. Buchanan, Cincinnati, at his risk, the work will be sent, post-paid, to any part of the United States.

BUCHANAN'S JOURNAL OF MAN.
ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.
32 Pages Monthly.
VOL. V. COMMENCES JANUARY, 1855,
Dr. J. R. BUCHANAN, Editor and Proprietor.
LONGLY & Co., Cincinnati, and PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN, New York, Publishers.
One Dollar sent to the Editor, at his risk, insures a copy for one year. The publication will be prompt and punctual. Specimens sent gratuitously. To Clubs of Ten it will be sent for Seven Dollars. To Clubs of Twenty for Twelve Dollars.
LANGUAGE OF THE PRESS.
[illegible]

FOR SALE.—A Chester County Farm, situate in East Nottingham Township, containing 150 acres of fine rolling land, and under good cultivation. The buildings are substantial, good water. Apply to
SILAS E. WEIR,
117 South Eighth Street.

THE YOUNG FOLKS' GLEE BOOK,
NOW READY.
THIS work consists of nearly one hundred copyright Songs and Duetts, never before harmonized, besides the choicest selection of Airs, gems from the German; the whole arranged in a familiar manner for FIRST and SECOND SOPRANO, TENOR AND BASS VOICES. Designed by the use of Singing Classes, Glee Clubs, and the Social Circle. By Charles Jarvis.
On receipt of $1, a copy will be sent per mail, prepaid.
J. E. GOULD, 164 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

CABINET WAREHOUSE.
GEORGE J. HENKELS,
173 CHESNUT STREET,
Opposite the State House.
Constantly on hand a large assortment of
IMPORTED FRENCH
AND
DOMESTIC MANUFACTURED
FURNITURE,
AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES.

CORRESPONDENCE OF GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.
A lady sends us the following letter, enclosing $10:—
"Your 'Lady's Book' has ever been a favorite with me. I have been a subscriber for eight years. Whenever I receive a copy, everything else is laid aside until its pages are all read over. Allow me to say I think it one of the most beautiful and really useful magazines now in circulation, and one I can recommend with confidence to every Christian lady, without running the hazard of aiding in the circulation of a pernicious work. I know of no magazine more elevated in its character, and none which I think so well adapted to the wants of every lady."—*Illinois, Dec. 10, 1854.*
With a Club of Twenty:—
"You may perceive by the increase of names that your Lady's Book is gaining favor in our small yet beautiful village. We were, by great exertions, enabled to procure for you the past year six subscribers; now we have doubled the number the coming year, and we hope that the influence during the year will win for the 'Book' a still larger number for the year to come. The style, beauty, and moral tone of the 'Book' must gain the admiration and good wishes of every one desirous to cultivate correct deportment for their native community; and we hope, with its influence the coming year to infuse a desire in the heart of every lover of reading, and thereby increase your list; for we heartily wish every reader to peruse it, and to mould from it a character that will win from all well-disposed persons admiration and favor."—*Pa., Dec. 8.*
We have more than one hundred letters of the same kind.
TERMS.
One Copy one year, $3
Two Copies one year, or one copy two years, 5
Five Copies one year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, 10
Eight Copies one year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, 15
Eleven Copies one year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, 20
2,000 Pages of Reading and Splendid Embellishments, for $3.50.
Read the following:—
☞ Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Home Magazine will both be sent one year for $3.50. To insure what you order being certainly sent,
Address L. A. GODEY,
No. 113 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

JOSEPH E. McILHENNEY & SON,
DENTISTS,
No. 233 ARCH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
Gold Levers, Hunting Case, full jewelled, 18 carat cases, only $45,00
Gold Levers, open face, full jewelled, 18 carat cases, only 30,00
Silver Levers, Hunting Cases, full jewelled, only 15,00
Silver Levers, open face, full jewelled, only 11,00
Silver Lepines, 9,00
Gold Pencil Cases, only 1,50
Gold Pens, Silver Holders, 1,00
I can send by mail (with perfect safety,) a Watch or Jewelry to any part of the United States. All orders must be accompanied with the cash to receive attention. No goods will be sent unless the money is first received.
Please call or address, post-paid,
LEWIS LADOMUS,
260 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES.
A. WINCH,
116 CHESNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
PUBLISHERS' AGENT for supplying the trade with NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, CHEAP PUBLICATIONS, &c. Orders from Booksellers, Postmasters, and Newsmen, attended to with promptness and dispatch.
Subscriptions received for Newspapers and Magazines, American and Foreign.
Trade lists supplied.
A. WINCH,
116 Chesnut street, Phila., Pa.

BANNING'S IMPROVED BODY BRACE and ERECTOR ATTACHMENT.—Adapted to Spinal, Pulmonary and Uterine Weakness. This light and elegant invention is conceded superior to all other appliances yet similar purposes. Ladies suffering from Prolapsus Uteri and its associate pains and debility, will derive inestimable benefit from its use.
Ladies' room, with a lady attendant, No. 111 Twelfth Street, first door below Race.
For sale, wholesale and retail, by
CALEB H. NEEDLES,
S. W. corner 12th and Race Sts., Phila.
N. B. Descriptive Pamphlet furnished gratis.

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S
CELEBRATED
German Bitters,
PREPARED BY
DR. C. M. JACKSON, Philad'a, Pa.,
WILL EFFECTUALLY CURE
LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, JAUNDICE,
Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases of the Kidneys, and all diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach.
[illegible]
The proprietor, in calling the attention of the public to this preparation, does so with a feeling of the utmost confidence in its virtues and adaptation to the diseases for which it is recommended.
It is no new and untried article, but one that has stood the test of a ten years' trial before the American people, and its reputation and sale is unrivalled by any similar preparations extant. ... [illegible]
Principal office and Manufactory, 120 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
READ THE TESTIMONY.
Certificate of Dr. W. SMITH, of Pine Hill, Richmond County, N. C.
[illegible]
W. SMITH.
[illegible]
Certificate of WM. J. ATWOOD.
[illegible]
WILLIAM J. ATWOOD.
For sale by respectable dealers everywhere.

NEW AND WONDERFUL
HYGEANA.
Brought Home to the Door of the Million.
A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY has recently been made by Dr. Curtis, of this city, in the treatment of Consumption, Asthma, and all diseases of the Lungs. ... [illegible]

CANCER.
[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

MAUD MULLER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah, me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain:
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein.

And, gazing down with a timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

—*National Era.*

Original Sketches.

SKETCHES FROM DEMERARA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

NUMBER XXVII.

The Morning Walk—The Simple Burial—The Scene Changed—A Negro Dandy—The Bequest—The Compliment—Preparation for a Wedding.

The next morning the powerful sun beat in at our chamber windows. I could look far without, but all was one wide wilderness of tropical vegetation, with a fresh little oasis of space some quarter of a mile distant, spanned by a rustic bridge—underneath which could be seen the faint sparkle of the canal, and the different curials tied to the bank, with our pleasure-boat in the midst. I cannot describe the first and mingled sensations of that morning at neglected Java. It was pitiful to see how the wild mangrove ran at its own will over the boundaries of what had been beautiful pleasure-grounds, trampling down and crushing out the sweet flowers of the soil. It was mournful to see the coarse wide grass springing over and bearing under its broad helmets lilies of the most gorgeous hue, that strove ambitiously in vain to maintain their proper rank and dignity.

"Come out with us," cried a merry voice; and soon after we were threading our way along the narrow ditches, on whose banks the coffee shrub threw out its graceful limbs in the sunshine, all glowing and strung with blood-red berries, brilliantly though as yet immaturely beautiful.

Paramtical leaves, thick, green and glossy, drooped in myriads from the wide branches of the mango—the latter fruit hanging in ripe and tempting abundance wherever the eye chanced to turn. A shady little grove of pine-apples was the *ultima thule* of our ramble, and notwithstanding the forbidding appearance of certain creeping things, the innumerable crossings of small but deep ditches, and the toilsome footpath thick with southern lilies and abandoned weeds, I was very unwilling to give up my investigation. But I did. The sun was too powerful; between whiles, the rain came down with violence, and the footpath abounded in mud. So, sometimes in the sultry sun, and often in the woeful shade, with the confused hum of monster insects rising from the moist, [illegible] ground, and the impression of desolation, wildness and ruin visible upon everything [illegible] holy sky above; that in storm or clear [illegible] arched over my own thrifty land, and to [illegible] as though it should ever, according [illegible], be "rolled up as a scroll!"—I [illegible] Looking at the dwelling house of Java [illegible] window, I only through a small grated [illegible] coffin lay [illegible] and hurried my steps. A metallic cover, mould grown green on its [illegible] the proppered the house; the little years, leaned against a child of some four silky curls hanging [illegible] balustrade, his long. He looked languid, and his dimpled hands [illegible] the frame shook with the ague.

"What's the matter, [illegible] winding my arm carelessly [illegible]?" I asked. He laid his head upon my hand, his form [illegible] his large, heavy eyes answered, [illegible] lifting way, "I've got the fever." [illegible]

Poor little motherless child, how [illegible] yearned towards him! An infant stranger [illegible] strange land, and no tender mother to [illegible] him in "fever." I thought of the coffin below—of the perilous voyage through which he had passed only one short year ago, of the mother's delight with her new Southern abode, of her sudden death, her subsequent resting place, and my heart bled afresh for the little child who had "the fever," and no mother to love him. While comfortably adjusting the little creature, old "Mericus," with ebony shoulders bare, passed through the hall carrying a spade and pick.

"Where are you going, Mericus?" I asked, "do you work on Sunday?"

"Going to dig hole in de groun' for missus—please de Lord, Miss," he answered, touching his forlorn hand, and tottering along.

Presently I saw him through the large window out in the midst of the flowers and the tall, rank herbage, shovelling up the moist earth.

His hoary crest bent with the weight of years,
And his ebon visage marred with time,
Himself on the verge of the river death,
With labored motion and shortened breath,
He dug for one who had died in her prime,
A grave in the sands of the burning time.

And he spoke no word save "ky!" as he found
A rock deep bedded beneath the ground,
And he bent and measured, with stiffened bone,
Its mossy feet for the hollow mound,
And he whistled and worked away merrily.

Ah! poor old "Mericus" seldom dreams
Of the better land, and its golden beams,
And he digs a grave as he'd open a door,
To a "hole in de groun'," and nothing more.

I thought, while watching him at his work, how universally the grave, whether in Asia, Africa, Europe or America, how universally and unceasingly the grave, like the old sexton in the song, "gathers them in."

After dinner, which we ate silently, our host asked us with a grave face, if we would walk to the place of sepulchre, and we assented.

Four stout negroes carried the coffin wherein rested the remains of one who had been beautiful and beloved. "Did she ever dream of this?" I thought, looking upward to the tall palms that waved majestically a hundred feet over our heads. Did she ever wish to die and be buried among her kindred, in the little church-yard, where flowers bloom in summer, and the sun heaps drifts of beauty in winter? Did she not trust that the shadow of the old church might rest lightly on her grave? Oh! yes, she hoped and trusted for all these, but she will sleep just as sweetly here.

The coffin was laid upon the ground—the servants stood reverently by—the little ones dressed in simple garments were grouped about their weeping father, and hotly the sun shone into the open grave. My husband read the funeral service; old Mericus, who had stood leaning his white head upon his spade, threw some moist clods upon the metal coffin at the words "ashes to ashes," a few tears fell upon the mould, the children huddled closer, the father wept alone—and in that tropical wilderness, the coffin was lowered and sealed up till the last day.

Such things affect me deeply; but here the impression seemed to wear off soon. An hour after, old Mericus was showing his ivories, and fiddling after a style that would have filled an amateur with horror. Witchy Witch hopped over the porch, rolling his wide eyes till color and shade were invisible—our two Indians lay at full length on the ground, jabbering; the children played quietly; the gentlemen smoked; and I alone was gravely silent.

My risibles were soon, however, called into action by the appearance of a *bona fide* negro dandy, tall, slender and dressed after the most approved style of African magnificence. A wide brimmed tile covered his head, which, however, he very gracefully removed—(not his head, but the hat)—a "stunning" cravat of innumerable colors protruded each side of his whiskerless jaws. A fancy frill stood out between the bright buttons of a short crimson vest, from the pocket of which hung an immense yellow seal, possibly gold, but probably brass; his coat was brown, striped with light straw color, his trowsers nankeen, and his pumps finished with large bows and buckles.

But his manner. Description begs to be excused, as she cannot approach that mingling of grandiloquence with lofty pity for us, poor benighted whites.

"Well, Mr. Lanisfallen," said our host, gravely, "what is your wish?"

"My wish, Mr. Corwin," answered the gentleman, bowing loftily, "is to tell you, sar, dat we is to have a weddin' over dar, at old Wine Plantation and we'd like fer to hab your company, sir."

"Certainly, Mr. Lanisfallen.—I will be there."

"An' if's you pleases, sir, you'll len' Miss Julie and I, what's to be the couples married, de bride and bridebroom, I might say, sar, a few chairs and fixins', or any little trifles."

"Oh, to be sure," was the reply; "all I have is at your service."

I thought this was making a broad promise, but after circumstances justified it, I found.

"T'ank you, sar, most obleedgently—good mornin', sar."

Although it was near night, we all said good morning, most graciously, and Mr. Lanisfallen departed. But for the wedding, refer to—my next letter.

City Scenes.

POTICHOMANIE.

MAMMA.—"Why, goodness gracious, Arabella, what on earth are you making that mess for?"

ARABELLA.—"Mess, Mamma! Why, it's all the fashion—it's Potichomanie!"

MAMMA.—(*Agreeably surprised.*) "Oh! I see!"

Selected Articles.

THE FACTORY GIRL.

BY MRS. MARY A. KIDDER.

She boasts no rich and costly robes—
She wears no jewels in her hair;
And yet her pale and comely face,
Seems wanting in no modest grace,
To make her passing fair.

With backward glance of anxious love
She quits the humble cottage door,
And through the wet, or dusty street,
She treads with worn, yet willing feet,
The path oft trod before.

What sudden thought calls up the blood;
The crimson tide that fain would speak!
As swift the arrowy shuttle flies,
As swifter still her task she plies,
While tears are on her cheek!

That blush wears not a tinge of shame—
Those tears are not the tears of sin;
Some hope, or fear, with sudden start,
Sends bounding from the busy heart,
The tell-tale blood within.

Those tears bespeak a mother's need—
A widowed mother, thin and pale;
For who will give the orphan food,
And find the scanty share of wood,
When her weak efforts fail?

But Mary's heart is large and free,
And Mary's hands were made to toil;
And never (says that blushing cheek)
Shall one so pale, and ill, and weak
As that dear mother, toil.

God bless thee, Mary; keep thy vow,
And unto thee shall strength be given,
And when thy noble work is done,
The crosses borne, the victory won,
Thy rest shall be in heaven.

—*Home Journal.*

TRIFLES AND CONSEQUENCES.

If in the world of spirits the consequence of every trifling act of an individual shall be plainly visible to him, how great will be the remorse of those whose evil works and words are as numerous as the sands of the sea shore. Who is there that cannot trace back to the most trifling incident or accident the cause of an entire change in his whole life? Some have been made immensely rich by the turning of a feather, their children educated, given influence, and perhaps charged with the destiny of a nation; while another has become poor in consequence of some slight and almost imperceptible incident. Poverty has brought on disease or dissipation, and a vagabond's life or a drunkard's grave become his portion. Some of our richest and most influential merchants, sons of farmers—can trace their coming to New York to the meeting of a playfellow in the street, or the running away of a colt, or perhaps, as in an instance we have heard of, the breaking of a bowl. Had these boys remained at home, and been farmers, how different would have been the situation of their families. Their daughters, instead of flaunting in silks in Broadway, and enjoying a seat at the opera, might have been engaged in the more worthy occupation of making butter and cheese. Steamships that now form regular lines to different quarters of the globe, and affect the destiny of nations, would not have been built; wars might have been made or avoided, as subsequent circumstances have dictated.

Thirty years ago two boys in New Hampshire quarrelled about a box of blacking. To get rid of one of them, he was sent to New York, and is now one of our first shipping merchants, a director in a bank, and owner of a line of steamers. A dispute about a tin dipper with the steward of a steamboat, resulted in a law-suit that cost a thousand dollars, and laid the foundation of the fortune of one of our millionaires, who now owns more tin-dippers and steamboats than any other one man in the world—once a deck hand of a boat, now the captain of the "upper ten." An accident made him, an accident may unmake him.

By the disobedience of a lad in 1809, a garden gate in Rhode Island was left open; a pig got in and destroyed a few plants; a quarrel between the owners of the pig and the garden grew out of it, which spread among their friends, defeated the Federal candidate to the Legislature, and gave the State a Democratic Senator, by whose vote war was declared in 1812 with Great Britain. Can that boy, now in another world, see the consequences of that one act of disobedience? and does he suffer the remorse of the murderer of a thousand human beings?

Napoleon became a soldier in consequence of one disobedient act to his mother—then General, Consul, Emperor, and exile. Washington became, in early life, a favorite with men of influence and power, because of his obedience to his mother. An accident made this known to one who never lost sight of the obedient boy, which resulted in his becoming the head of the American Army.

One single vote sent Oliver Cromwell to the Long Parliament, Charles Stuart to the scaffold, revolutionized England, and made Great Britain free.

Four votes, in the city of New York, made Thomas Jefferson President of the United States; one vote gave us the Tariff of 1842; and one vote made the Tariff of 1846. One vote gave us Texas, made war with Mexico, slew thousands of our people, and purchased California, turned thither the tide of emigration, and will change the destiny of the world.

By not giving the right change for a newspaper, a boy prevented a passenger from getting on board of a ferry-boat. On the next boat he met a friend, in conversation with whom a plan for the transaction of a simple business, was adopted, which, in its carrying out, has agitated the nation, and is fast becoming the subject of newspaper discussion on both continents of the civilized world. It will change the commerce of nations, and may result in war.

The above are but a few incidents that have come within the knowledge of the writer, where great results of every action, running down through a series of years—perhaps of ages—have occasioned happiness or misery.—We cannot tell what *will* be the result of any one act, or what effect it will have in the future. It may make war and may make peace. It may make us rich and it may make us poor. But one thing *we do know.* We know that a right action will bring no misery. These things are worth reflection. The boy who tried to cheat the ferry-boat passengers, may have been made a newsboy by some unlucky stroke—or fretful exclamation of his mother. The boy who left open the garden gate, and brought on the last war, may have been indulged or neglected, or wrongly instructed by his parents. The quarrel about the tin dipper, which made one man poor and another rich, may have arisen in a still more trifling incident.—*New York Day Book.*

EFFECTS OF THE PASSIONS.

Every one knows the influence of the depressing passions on the human frame. A beaten army has always more sick (exclusively of the wounded) than a victorious one; and in civil life, the effect of losses and disappointments in destroying the digestion, and wasting the strongest constitution are but too familiar to the commonest observer. But the picture has a brighter side.

Hope and success are finer tonics than any to be found in apothecaries' shops, and even fear may boast its cures. A German physician, so runs the tale, succeeded in curing an epidemic convulsion among the children of a poor-house, by the fear of a red-hot poker. The fits had spread by sympathy and imitation; and this great physician, mistrusting the ordinary remedies in so grave a case, heated his instrument, and threatened to burn the first who should fall into a fit. The convulsions did not return.

A celebrated scholar was once attacked with fever at a small country inn. He was visited by two physicians; and one of them supposing, from the poverty of his appearance, that he would not understand a foreign language, said to the other, in Latin: "Let's try an experiment on this poor fellow." As soon as they were gone, the patient got out of bed, hurried on his clothes, scampered off as fast as he could, and was cured of his fever by his fright.

In England, quite recently, a girl being attacked with a typhus fever, was sent to the hospital. A week afterwards her brother was seized with the same disease, and was sent to the same institution. The nurses were helping him up the stairs at the hospital. On the way, he was met by some persons who were descending with a coffin on their shoulders. The sick man inquired whose body they were removing, when one of the bearers inadvertently mentioned the girl's name. *It was his sister.* The brother, horror-struck, sprung from his conductors, dashed down stairs, out of the hospital gate, and never stopped running until he had reached home—a distance of twelve miles! He flung himself on the bed immediately, fell into a sound sleep, and awoke next morning entirely cured of his illness.

The most beautiful instance, however, that we have met with, is one in which the cure depended on the combination of the pleasures of hope and of memory. Dr. Rush, when quite a young man, was educated in the country, in a very remote part of which he was in the habit of visiting, in company with a farmer's daughter, various scenes of beauty and sublimity, and among others the nest of an eagle in a romantic situation. For some time these visits were very frequent. Rush afterwards left the school, and settled in Philadelphia, where he found his former associate a married woman.

Many years after, she had an attack of typhus fever, under which she lay in a complete state of insensibility apparently lost to all surrounding objects. In this state, Rush, then a physician, was called to visit her. He took her by the hand, and said, with a strong and cheerful voice, "The Eagle's Nest!" The words revived an association of ideas comprehending the actions of her youth. She immediately grasped his hand, opened her eyes, and from that hour recovered rapidly.—*American Union.*

JOSIAH QUINCY—"THE FIRST MATCH IN THE UNITED STATES."—Josiah Quincy, who still survives, one of the brightest ornaments of a departed age, in the enjoyment of the reverend homage of our own, was also among the visitors of this respectable circle. Mrs. Adams referring to his arrival in New York, writes, "This young man is a rare instance of hereditary eloquence and ingenuity in the fourth generation. He comes into life with every advantage of family, fortune and education, and I wish him all the success which such auguries naturally present to him in prospect. I, yesterday, in the presence of half a-dozen Senators, laughingly advised him to go to the President and Mrs. Washington, and ask their leave to make his addresses to Nelly Custis or her sister, at Georgetown. The young gentleman blushed, and he may have his heart in Boston, but I think him the first match in the United States."—*Griswold's Republican Court.*

THE HAND OF GOD IN THE DESERT.—Bayard Taylor, in his "Journal to Central Africa," thus speaks of the natural beauties of the great Nubian Desert:

"I soon fell into a regular routine of travel, which, during all my later experiences of the desert, never became monotonous. I rose at dawn every morning, bathed my eyes with a handful of the precious water, and drank a cup of coffee. After the tent had been struck, and the camels laden, I walked ahead for two hours, often so far in advance that I lost sight and hearing of the caravan. I found an unspeakable fascination in the sublime solitude of the desert. I often beheld the sun rise, when, within the wide ring of the horizon, there was no other living creature to be seen. He came up like a god, in awful glory, and it would have been a natural act had I cast myself upon the sand and worshipped him. The sudden change in the coloring of the landscape, on his appearance—the lighting up of the dull sand into a warm, golden hue, and the tintings of purple and violet on the distant porphyry hills—was a morning miracle, which I never beheld without awe. The richness of this coloring made the desert beautiful; it was too brilliant for desolation. The scenery, so far from depressing, inspired and exhilarated me. I never felt the sensation of physical health and strength in such perfection, and was ready to shout from morning till night, from the overthrow of happy spirits. The air is an elixir of life, as sweet and pure, and refreshing as that which the first man breathed, on the morning of creation. You inhale the unadulterated elements of the atmosphere, for there are no exhalations from moist earth, vegetable matter, or the smokes and steams which arise from the abodes of men, to stain its purity. This air, even more than its silence and solitude, is the secret of one's attachment to the desert. It is a beautiful illustration of the compensating care of that Providence which leaves none of the waste places of the earth without some atoning glory. Where all the pleasant aspects of nature are wanting—where there is no green thing, no fount for the thirsty lip, scarcely the shadow of a rock to shield the wanderer in the blazing noon—God has breathed upon the wilderness his sweetest and tenderest breath, giving clearness to the eye, strength to the frame, and the most joyous exhilaration to the spirits."

SUCCOTASH IN THE BOWL.—Previous to the American Revolution, an Indian, who had been converted to Christianity under Elliot, happened in town during Sunday; and, feeling to reverence the day, was impelled by the dictates of duty to attend the church of the white men. He entered the house; but no one wishing to be contaminated by contact with the Indian, he was left to stand alone in one of the aisles. The preacher commenced and went through his routine of service. At the conclusion, the Indian modestly lifted up his voice and requested liberty to speak. It was a request that could not well be denied, as it was plainly enough discovered that the congregation had a curiosity to hear what the red man had to say. He commenced, and related the history of his conversion to the Christian faith. From this he proceeded to exhort the people. He had burning thoughts, and being related in the artless simplicity of his soul, he soon brought tears from almost every eye.

As he concluded, the parson descended from the desk and approached the Indian. "How is it possible," said the parson, "that you, an untutored savage, having no education, possess the power so greatly to affect my hearers as even to bring them to tears; while I, an ordained minister of Christ, who have received a regular theological education, after preaching many years, was never able to move them in this manner?" "Oh," replied the Indian, "it be all very plain. You come here—bring silver bowl, all very nice—and silver spoon, all handsome; but you have no succotash in de bowl. You give de people nothing to eat. But I, poor, dirty Indian, come here—bring great wooden bowl and wooden spoon; but I bring succotash in my bowl—I bring de people something to eat. Dey glad to get it—dey be all hungry—no satisfied with looking at de silver bowl. I bring them de bread of life—dey eat; I bring them de waters of salvation—dey drink; and dey so glad dey cry for joy—dey bless God and be thankful. You go to de fountain of living waters and fill your bowl, den your people glad to come here—den dey no more go sleep to hear you preach."—*Christian Advocate.*

THE TEST OF A GENTLEMAN.—The forbearing use of power does not only form a touchstone; even the manner in which an individual enjoys certain advantages over others is a test. The power which the husband has over his wife—in which we must include the impunity with which he may be unkind to her—the father over his children, the teacher over his pupils, the old over the young, and the young over the aged, the strong over the weak, the officer over his men, the master of a vessel over his hands, the magistrate over the citizen, the employer over the employed, the educated over the unlettered, the experienced over the confiding, the keeper of a secret over whom it touches, the gifted over the ordinary man—even the clever over the silly—the forbearing and inoffensive use of all this power or authority, or a total abstinence from it, where the case admits it, will show the gentleman in a plain light. Every traveller knows at once whether a gentlemanly or rude officer is searching his trunk. No gentleman can boast of the delights of superior health in the presence of a languid patient, or speak of good luck within hearing of a man bent by habitual misfortune. Let a man who happily enjoys the advantages of a pure and, honest life speak of it to a fallen, criminal fellow being, and you will soon see whether he be, in addition to his honesty, a gentleman or not. The gentleman does not needlessly and unceasingly remind an offender of a wrong he may have committed against him; he cannot only forgive—he can forget; and he strives for that nobleness of self and mildness of character which imparts sufficient strength to let the past be truly the past. He will never use the power which the knowledge of an offence, a false step, of an unfortunate exposure of weakness given him, merely to enjoy the power of humiliating his neighbor. A true man of honor feels humbled himself when he cannot help humbling others.

☞ In "Smith's Federal Calculator," an amusing anecdote is given, to the following purport: A first rate class was undergoing a close examination in mental arithmetic, and in reply to a question concerning the number of men required to perform a certain piece of work in a specific time, the class responded, "Twelve men and two-thirds." But one bright fellow, more discerning than the others, instantly added, "Twelve men *and a boy fourteen years old,*" fourteen being two thirds of twenty-one, the legal age of manhood.

☞ The good people of New Orleans are luxuriating upon what they term "northern delicacies," such as Pickerel, Codfish, Oysters, and Eels. The first "clam chowder" ever prepared in that city, was served up on the 18th instant.

MORALIZING.—Robinson Crusoe sees a piece of gold lying on the ground, in the island, and addressing it in a moral and rather contemptuous strain, as a vile drug, the root of all evil, &c. Having made his observations, he takes it up, however, and puts it his pocket.

"MOTHER, WHAT MAY I DO?"

No honest cry is more deeply significant than the cry of the little child for employment. Trembling under the pressure of power which he feels rising within him and impelling to exertion, and urged by new-born energies and unformed yearning for motion and employment, childhood feels itself under the mastery of a spirit it cannot control, and driven to action by an appetite as strong as that which seeks its needful food. It is the fresh bursting fountain of life seeking a channel along which it may pour its rejoicing flood; the kindled fire of genius demanding vent for the aspirations and fuel for its flames.

Without experience to guide him, or the compulsion of external wants to direct him, the little child knows no alternative but to imitate the employment of his elders. Thus the girl plays the mimic mother, and repeats upon her doll the offices of care and affection which she has just experienced from her own mother, while the little boy drives his harnessed playmates with as much zest, and as much, too, of boastful display, as his father just before performed his feats of real horsemanship. So far the imitation is harmless, and the air of busy earnestness with which the little ones engage in it, is subject only for mirth; but when they become ambitious of doing the very things performed by their parents, and seek to join helpfully in the various operations of the household, the parent perplexed by a help that only hinders, often utters some stern or fretful reproof, and bids the little hands and feet, all rampant with life and motion, to the terrible drudgery of keeping still. Saddened by this sharp rejection of its well-meant endeavors, the little face lifts itself tearfully to the mother's eye, and the thin voice trembles in that pleading cry, "What may I do, mother?" How has every just parent's heart and conscience quailed before that cry of childish activities pleading for employment!

"What may I do?" Well may that question cause the mother's heart to ponder, if not to fear. It is the stern demand which the mind and muscles created by Deity for the life-long action, put forth to be "about the Father's business." In those Heaven-sent activities, there is, if we rightly consider it, the promise of great deeds for earth and men, of all handicrafts and works of art, of wondrous inventions and discoveries, of noble harvests, and spreading commerce, and splendid cities, of eloquence and poetry and priestly purity, and devotion to the highest interests of humanity. There lies in it, in short, as the oak in the acorn, the whole unwritten history of the generation to come. But with its promise of good, there is a corresponding threatening of evil, for these activities will work, if not in good, then in madness and mischief.

The need for employment is one which the parent is as much bound to supply as the need for food or clothing. Both health and happiness are involved in each supply. To feed and clothe the child while his energies are left unguided, to pursue the path that chance or folly may dictate, is to kindle the fires and raise the steam of the locomotive with none to direct it on the track or rule its progress.

Much of the evil charged upon childhood by impatient and unreflecting parents and teachers, is physiological, and not moral. The child often does mischief for the want of something else to do, and would cheerfully yield up his wicked games and companions, for some useful employment in which he could feel that his aid was of real service to his friends.

No safeguard against vice is more efficacious than useful employment; for, as in the old adage—

"Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

Want of employment has made many a youth the wretched victim of crime, over whose ruin pious parents have wept, and wondered how their faithful counsels have proved all in vain.

It is, however, a question of no little perplexity to most parents, to furnish proper employment or amusement for their children, either because the father and mother feel they have no time to teach their children how to work, or because they have no work for their children to do. In the former case, it should be reflected that the labor of the child would more than compensate for the time spent in teaching him. In the case of those who have no work for their children to perform, there is more of difficulty, but its stern importance should in some way be met. Let us suggest that the sum which will be spent in useless toys the approaching holidays, if laid out in good, strong ropes for a swing, not with a seat, but with rings, in which the child could clasp his hands, and suspend himself by his arms, would yield a thousand fold more amusement, and give employment to many an otherwise idle hour. A few dollars spent in erecting some gymnastic apparatus, would pay largely in the health and contentment of the children. A stationary ladder, some parallel bars, a climbing and jumping pole, would furnish endless and wholesome amusement both to boys and girls, and while they gave vent to the fresh energies of youth, would lend a manly vigor to the whole character and constitution. Whatever be the amusement provided, it should be such as to tax the strength and give play to the entire activities of the child. There is power in those young limbs, impatient to grapple with something that shall try their strength, and the boy or girl will soon tire of either the work or play that does not call into full action their whole energy.

Throw to the flames those silly playthings which confine the child to the corner, and threaten to break under the first rude touch; buy a strong rope, and a stout pole, or a good saw and hatchet, and you need give yourself but little trouble to keep your child from wandering or wickedness. His rough tones, and hearty, busy play will return you a thousand thanks, and fill your heart with the promise of a manhood of honest, vigorous efforts in the paths of honorable enterprise.—*Michigan Journal of Education.*

ALINE'S CHOICE.

BY EDITH MAY.

Rudolph is a baron,—
He dreams till noon on a pillow fair;
From the dusk of eve till the dusk of dawn,
Drinking deep of the amber wine.
But Ludovic, the peasant,
Like like a deer in the dewy brake;
With his broad palm for a drinking cup,
Stoops to a breezy lake.

Rudolph rides in the knightly chase,
With hawk, and pack, and mounted train;
Ludovic, with a single hound,
Wanders afoot o'er the windy plain.
The one will rest in a silken tent,
When the quarry is dropped, and the sport is played;
The other lies in a cleft of rock,
Under a hemlock's shade.

Rudolph will give me a palfrey white,
With silken saddle and stirrup of gold;
But Ludovic, in his arm of strength,
Has borne me far through the heat and cold.
The noble has promised a chain of gems,
Broidered kerchief, and mantle gay;
The peasant will shear me a fleece, to spin
A gown for my wedding day.

What could I do with jewels,
On my neck that is brown with the sun and rain?
How should I fasten my loose long hair
With a comb of pearl or a golden chain?
I'll crown it fair with a myrtle wreath,
I'll gather it back with a ribbon gay;
And I'll wrap myself in my peasant's cloak,
To keep the cold away.

I hold my breath in yon lone old halls;
Echoes that lurk in the niches there
Say over my words with a hollow laugh,
Stealthily follow from stair to stair;
Knights and dames on the pictured wall
Look, as I pass, with a steadfast frown;
And the mastiff that's chained in the castle court
Barks at my peasant gown.

I know a roof where the wild grape hangs
From moss and mould to the cabin door;
I know a hound that will crouch and fawn
At the sound of my step on the rush-strewn floor.
Keep your gifts, oh, Rudolph,
The chains of pearls and the golden band—
To match the pride of a fairer neck,
To shine on a whiter hand.

THE LORD OF THE SOIL.—The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the laws of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of our nature under a wholesome influence not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels—other things being equal—more strongly than another, the character of a man as Lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by this power, is rolling through the heavens, a part is his—his from the centre sky. It is the space on which the generation before moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home.—*Everett.*

PUTTING FORTH FOR THINGS.—The man who anxiously avoids the shadow of a granite post, but dashes against the post itself, is not a whit more witless than he who fears the appearance of doing wrong, but is not afraid to do the wrong he thinks will not appear. When Lord Chesterfield counseled hollow-hearted politeness—advised the forms of courtesy and graciousness instead of the things themselves—he must have seemed to any superior order of moral beings as silly as the ape, who puts a wig upon his head and expects to be reverenced as a judge.—*Horace Mann.*

BY AND BYE.—There is music enough in those three words for the burden of a song. There is a hope wrapped up in them, and an unbidden beat of a human heart.

By and bye. We heard it so long ago as we can remember, when we made brief, but perilous journeys from chair to table, and from table to chair again. We heard it the other day, when two parted that had been "loving to their lives," one to California, the other to her lonely home.

Everybody says it, some time or other. The boy whispers it to himself, when he dreams of exchanging the stubbed little shoes for boots like a man. The man murmurs it—when in life's middle watch he sees his plans half finished, and his hopes, yet in bud, waving in a cold, late spring. The old says it when he thinks of putting off the mortal for the immortal, to-day for to-morrow. The weary watcher for the morning, whiles away the dark hours with "by and bye—by and bye."

Sometimes it sounds like a song; sometimes there is a sigh or a sob in it. What wouldn't the world give to find it in the almanac—set down somewhere, no matter if in the dead of December—to know it would surely come. But, fairy-like as it is flitting like a star-beam over the dewy shadows of the years, nobody can spare it—and when we look back upon the many times those words have beguiled us, the memory of that silver by and bye, is like the sunrise of Ossian, "pleasant but mournful to the soul."—*Tribune.*

DRESS.—The honorable Miss Murray, sister of a Scotch Duke, and maid of honor to Queen Victoria, has been staying for some days past in New York. Miss Murray is a lady of fine person, robust health, and uncommon energy of character—aged about thirty-five years. She has visited several of the public institutions, and been entertained by many citizens at their own houses, where her frank and cordial manners, her singular intelligence and great kindness of heart, have secured her many friends. Miss Murray, we understand, has keenly enjoyed her extended tour in this country. She appears, however, to have been struck with amazement at the extravagant expenditure, the *helplessness*, and the ill health of that unfortunate class of beings, the fashionable women of our cities. Miss Murray, like all the fashionable women of Europe, dresses so plainly that it probably costs her less to dress for a whole year, than many a New York lady expends for half-a-dozen handkerchiefs! It is a settled thing in Europe, that extravagance in dress is *the very extreme of vulgarity*, and is never indulged in except by those whose *only* claim to distinction is their length of purse.—*Ladies' Enterprise.*

Wit and Humor.

A NOAD TO THE BALLICK BOCKS.

You are the institution for me—
You are the place where the fellers says whats
To be done, and how to do it. Spetin
You hadn't been bilt? What then? Why we should
Have had a tyrink a rulin of us,
A hezin of us round with troupes of soldiers!
Anerky would hev prevailed—we should have
Had a inquisition, and tortures and such
"To rack the bones of freemen." (from another poet)
You are a great place for Irishmen to
Carry Shillalys to, and drink whisky,
And a good money men by their cure talink, would
Never hev been heerd but for you. Yes.
You are a good affair, and a feller
Can vote as much as he's a mind, 'specially
If you're a stranger in the place; then you can
Vote everywhere—you are a good place
To make bets at, and you hev won more
Hats in your life than I can
Wear—But you don't know much, 'cause you elect
Perfect fools sometimes, which you have to take
The credick for. You are a great institution
For I voted twelve times yesterday
'Freemens voice, farewell.

TROUBLES OF AN EDITOR.—Dick Tinto, the lively correspondent of the New York "Daily Times," tells a good story about Dumas and his staff, which we re-print as a capital illustration of the miseries of editors:

"A revolution on a large scale has taken place in the office of the 'Mousquetaire.' All the assistant editors, to the number of seven, deserted Dumas in a lump, for reasons in the highest degree singular. A lady by the name of Noe had offered a manuscript to the paper for insertion; and had successively read it—an inconceivable infliction, it appears—to the seven editors, who each and all rejected it. Neither abashed nor discouraged, she undertook to hunt down Dumas, and spent a week in dogging him, he on his part dining out and sleeping out, and madly seeking in various ways to avoid her. But she caught him at last, and laid siege to him with such vigor that he succumbed, as if he were any Sebastopol. He was forced to promise in order to obtain a truce. He informed his staff that he had yielded, and should re-write, reform, and repell the dreadful manuscript, or as he jocosely calls it, Mrs. Noe's 'tube.' The editors all resigned that night. It was curious to see Dumas fill the 'Mousquetaire' himself the next day, and putting forth the most amusing number since that in which he criticised one of his own plays. He has begun to tell the story of the 'tube,' and it threatens to produce laughter for a fortnight."

SHERIDAN AND HIS SON TOM.—Sheridan had a great distaste for anything like metaphysical discussions, whereas Tom had taken a liking for them. Tom one day tried to discuss with his father the doctrine of necessity. "Pray, my good father," said he, "did you ever do anything in a state of perfect indifference—without motive, I mean, of some kind or other?" Sheridan, who saw what was coming, and by no means relishing such subjects, even from Tom, or any one else, said: "Yes, certainly!" "Indeed!" "Yes, indeed!" "What, total indifference—total, entire, thorough indifference!" "Yes, total, entire, thorough indifference!" "My dear father, tell me what is it that you can do with—mind—total, entire, thorough indifference?" "Why, listen to you, Tom!" said Sheridan. This rebuff, as Tom told me, so disconcerted him, that he had never forgotten it, nor had he ever again troubled his father with any of his metaphysics.—*Moore's Memoirs.*

THE ADVERTISEMENT HOAX.—A London paper has an amusing story in illustration of the literature of advertisements. Some one proposed through his columns, for the paltry return of thirty postage stamps, to teach the unwary how to make £2 a week, by a clean, respectable business, to be carried on in the leisure hours of evening, so as not to interfere with other work. Several victims wrote, with the required inclosures, and one of them sends the secret to our contemporary, who prints it in defiance of the law of copyright. The secret was this: Buy a hundred weight of potatoes, wash them well, bake them, put them in a basket, and sell them in the streets. This done for six nights, Cocker was called in to witness that the result must be a profit on the transaction of forty shillings!

MRS. PARTINGTON ON LITERATURE.—"The lad is very desultory in his readings," said Dr. Digg, taking up a copy of "*The Seven Robbers of the Dark Cave, or The Mystery of the Bloody Dagger,*" that Ike had left a few moments before. The savan turned over the leaves, looking at the picture of the seven robbers burying their booty in a tomb while the witch of the cliff made incantations over it to insure its safety. "I don't think he takes to dysentery reading," said Mrs. Partington, her ear not precisely catching the word; "his mind had no tenderness towards doctors' books, and he only reads great hysterical works like that. I'm sometimes afeard that he will wear himself out by his studious and secondary habits."—*Boston Post.*

QUIZZING A QUIZZER.—A professional gentleman of our acquaintance has hanging in his room a fine large colored engraving of the head of a quadruped, vulgarly known as a jackass. Not long since a friend dropped in, and stopping before the picture, gazed intently upon it for a few moments and then sung out abruptly, and as he imagined, very wittily:

"Halloo, doctor, is that your portrait?"

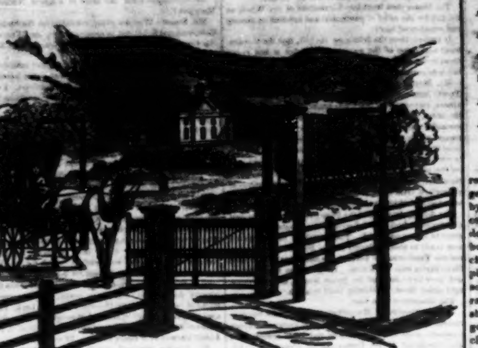
"Oh, no," replied the doctor, coolly, "that's simply a looking-glass."

The anxious inquirer suddenly discovered that he had some business down the street, and departed.

ANECDOTE OF FOOTE.—One night, at his friend Delaval's, one of the party would suddenly have fixed a quarrel upon him for his indulgence of personal satire. "Why, what would you have?" exclaimed Foote, good-humoredly putting it aside; "of course I take all my friends off, but I use them no worse than myself—I take *myself off.*" "Gadso!" cried the malcontent, "that I should like to see;" upon which Foote took up his hat and left the room.

"NO ADMITTANCE."—The surest way to fill a private apartment, whether in a printing office, a cotton factory, or a sausage shop, with visitors, is to place over the door a placard, bearing the inscription, "No admittance." No person ever read that prohibition over an entrance without instantly being attacked by an ungovernable desire to rush right in.

Agricultural.



WOOLMAN'S PATENT FARM GATE.

The above engraving represents Woolman's Patent Farm Gate. As will be seen, it is so constructed as to be opened, closed and fastened without alighting from the carriage. The driver, whether gentleman or lady, can, whilst sitting in the carriage, by a gentle pull on a cord, that comes right in the way, unlatch, open and fasten it open; and on riding through, a slight jerk on a corresponding cord closes and latches it. The cost over an ordinary gate is trifling.

THE OREGON PEA AGAIN.

There appears to be considerable difference of opinion in regard to the merits of the Oregon pea. Some who have tried it, condemn it as unfit for cultivation; while others laud it to the skies. As considerable interest appears to be manifested about by subscribers to the Post, the following, from a correspondent of the American Farmer, will serve to throw a little more light on this knotty subject.

"The Oregon pea that you sent me on the 8th of July, I got an honest (tea) spoonful of—planted forty of them on the 11th, in very dry weather, and so it continued, with the exception of some one or two light showers about the first of August; but they never made any start to grow until after the middle of August; they were never watered in the time by hand; they grew from 2 to 4 feet high—I counted as many as from 7 to 10 pods in a bunch, and more than 200 on one stalk, some dry and some green, all in the same bunch—from 10 to 14 peas in a pod; as they ripen, they turn black, and should be gathered, or they will fly open and lose all. I continued to gather them up to the 20th of October, before we had any killing frost—then I was apprehensive of frost. I gathered about one peck of the ripe green ones to eat—had them cooked, and my word for it, Mr. Editor, they are the most delightful pea I ever ate. Notwithstanding the severe drought, I saved at least one good pint of ripe seed, to plant the next year. I gave half that you sent me to four different persons; they have failed to save seed, however, owing to their own neglect. This is my experience with the pea.

"E. W. C."

ENGLISH AGRICULTURAL SHOWS.—This week the Smithfield Cattle Club have had their annual show at Baker street. There has been no falling off either in quantity or quality. There is an excellent show of Devons. The Earl of Leicester carried off the palm for the short horns, gaining the gold medal. The Duke of Rutland exhibits a four year old ox, considered the most perfect animal ever shown at Baker street; it is needless to say it gained a prize. There is a very good show of Herefords, Mr. Heath, of Ludhampall, obtaining the prize. The show of sheep is particularly good. The Duke of Richmond obtains the first prize for Southdowns. In crosses with Southdown and Cotswold Mr. Druce takes the prize. The pigs are good also, one pen of seventeen weeks old being the finest ever exhibited. Prince Albert is an exhibitor, and obtains two or three second class medals. Among the agricultural implements the principal novelty is a self-holding lever plough and general cultivator, invented by Mr. Baydon, and manufactured by Messrs. Pleaty & Ram, Newhall. It is an application of steam power to the cultivation of land. It does the work by simple but ingenious contrivances, and the attendant following in the rear has perfect command over the means of working. The plough makes very good work. There is considerable saving in horse power; they require no holding, but may be adapted to horse power as well as steam. An important alteration in reaping machines is exhibited by Messrs. Burgess & Key. It consists of the substitution of the Archimidean lever on the platform of the reaper, which delivers the corn and entirely avoids the necessity for hand labor. There are many other articles worthy of note.

OYSTER-SHELL LIME.—While spending a few hours on Staten Island lately, we saw a simple and efficient mode of making oyster-shell lime, which we record for the benefit of such of our readers as have the opportunity to put it into practice.

Mr. Dunning (for it is upon this gentleman's place that this thing is done), builds up with rough stone walls, a circular kiln about five feet in diameter—just as you would stone up a well. A spot is selected on a side hill, where the slope of the ground is such that with a slight excavation the base of the kiln is exposed on the lower side. Here a small opening—a rude archway of 18 or 20 inches wide, and a little more in height—is left as a sort of furnace—to be filled with faggots, brush, stumps of trees, and the like rubbish, to be had on almost every place—over this furnace a few bars of iron are built into the wall, to hold up the first layer of oyster shells and a thin layer or sprinkling of the screenings of *anthracite coal* are put alternately, till the kiln is filled to the top—making in all a depth of some four or six feet. The fire is lighted among the faggots and rough wood below, and gradually spreads through the whole kiln—burning the oyster shells into excellent lime. When we say that oyster-shells make the purest and best lime for all horticultural purposes, and especially for fruit trees, and in the most of our Atlantic towns they are wholly wasted, and though so easily burned in this way in these simple kilns, (which once made will last for a dozen years) we think we offer a hint, which many subscribers will lose no time in profiting by.—*Horticulturalist.*

STORING APPLES IN DRY SAWDUST.—I have a dark closet in my house, or rather I live in a row with my windows back and front. The house is four stories high, and the length from front to back is so great, that we have three rooms on the floor, the centre dark. On the third story the floors are plastered, and I find the temperature so even that I use it for a wine store in preference to the cellar, and have it fitted with bins. In this room I put some hampers of apples (the pearmains.) I wanted one of the hampers and turned the apples in one of the bins, amongst the dry sawdust (pine sawdust.) A fortnight ago we looked at them, having used up the others gathered at the same time, and from the same tree, all of which were wrinkled; but on taking those off and from the sawdust, I found them in a most beautiful condition; those covered with sawdust were as plump and fresh as when gathered; while those partially buried were only to the extent covered with the sawdust, the upper portions being wrinkled. I am so pleased with the discovery, that I shall pack them in bins next year, for I have no doubt they will keep in this way till next Christmas.—*Ayr (Scotland) Advocate.*

WINTER GARDENING.—There are a few golden rules to be observed during the winter, of which may be enumerated the following:—Water all plants that require it in the morning; leave no water in the saucer of any plant after the whole has become saturated through; never water by drips, but give the whole a good soaking, or the consequence often is, that the top of the mould is wetted, while the lower, containing the roots, is dusty; take a pointed stick, and once in a while stir the surface of the soil, but not deep enough to disturb the roots; this acts the same part as hoeing in summer, and tends vastly to the health of the plant. Give each plant space enough for air to circulate around it, if possible; let it have the benefit of a little pure fresh air at times.—*Exchange.*

☞ A young lady recently returned from a boarding school, being asked at the table if she would take some more cabbage, replied: "By no means, madam—gastronomical satiety admonishes me that I have arrived at the ultimate of culinary deglutination consistent with the code of Esculapius."

HOW TO KNOW THE AGE OF A HORSE.—The colt is born with twelve grinders. When four front teeth have made their appearance, the colt is twelve days old; and when the next four come forth, it is four weeks old. When the corner teeth appear, the colt is eight months, and when the latter have attained the height of the front teeth, it is one year old. The two year old colt has the kernal, (the dark substance in the middle of the tooth's crown), ground out of all the front teeth. In the third year the middle front teeth are being shifted; and when three years old these are substituted for the horse teeth. The next four teeth are shifted in the fourth year, and the corner teeth in the fifth. At six years the kernal is worn out of the middle front teeth, and the bridle teeth have now attained to their full growth. At seven years a hook has been formed on the corner teeth of the upper jaw; the kernal of the teeth next at the middle fronts is worn out, and the bridle teeth begin to wear off. At eight years of age, the kernal is worn out of all the lower front teeth, and begins to decrease in the middle upper fronts. In the ninth year, the kernal has wholly disappeared from the upper middle front teeth, the hook on the corner teeth has increased in size, and the bridle teeth loose their points. In the tenth year the kernal has worn out of the teeth next to the middle fronts of the upper jaw; and in the eleventh year the kernal has entirely vanished from the corner teeth of the same jaw. At twelve years old, the crown of all the front teeth in the lower jaw have become triangular and the bridle teeth are much worn down. As the horse advances in age, the gums shrink away from the teeth, which consequently receive a long, narrow appearance, and their kernals have become metamorphosed into a darkish point, gray hairs increase in the forehead, over the chin assumes the form of an eagle.—*Practical Farmer.*

THE GUANO AT BIRD ISLAND.—The guano deposit which was recently discovered by an American shipmaster upon Bird Island, a short distance to the eastward of St. Thomas, towards Barbadoes, is said to be equal to at least three or four hundred thousand tons, and in quality it approaches that of the Chincha Islands. If the estimates of quantity and quality are realized, the value of the island, which is said to belong to the Dutch, will be very great. The New York Post says of the place that it is in shape somewhat like a basin, with a rock-bound rim toward the sea, and is frequented daily during certain seasons of the year by myriads of sea-birds, to lay their eggs:

"The egg-hunters from the neighboring islands go there with small sloops, and upon their arrival proceed to break all the eggs that they find, and then retire. On the following day they return, and load their vessels with eggs that have been laid over night. In the course of thirty hours they will sometimes take up between 150,000 and 200,000 eggs. The reason they break the eggs lying on the ground when they arrive, is to be sure that they carry away none but fresh ones.

"The quantity of lime in the shells of the eggs thus broken is supposed to have added to the value of the birds' dung, which has been deposited there for centuries. The basin where these deposits are found has only about the area of an acre, and will soon be exhausted of its manure, but as an egg farm it is impossible to say when it will be any less productive than now."

For Housekeepers.

CALF'S HEAD FRICASSEED.—Clean and half boil part of a head; cut the meat into small bits, put them into a stewpan with a little gravy made from the bones, some of the water in which it was boiled, a fagot of sweet herbs, an onion and a blade of mace. Take a sweetbread, boil it tender and cut it small; season with pepper, nutmeg and salt; rub down some butter and flour, and boil altogether with the head. Take out the herbs and onion, and just before dishing stir in two or three tablespoonfuls of cream and serve hot. Garnish with forcemeat balls and rolled bacon.

POACHED EGGS.—Put in a small pan half a pint of water, half a teaspoonful of salt, three of vinegar; when boiling, break carefully in the pan two nice eggs, simmer for four minutes or till firm, not hard; then serve them up either on toast or fried bacon, or ham, or spinach, and on any minced and seasoned vegetable.

STRASBURG POTTED MEAT.—Take a pound and a half of the rump of beef, cut it into dice, and put it into an earthen jar with a quarter of a pound of butter at the bottom; tie the jar close up with paper and set over a pot to boil. When nearly done, add cloves, mace, allspice, nutmegs, salt, and cayenne pepper to taste; then boil till tender, and let it cool. Pound the meat with four anchovies, washed and boned; add a quarter of a pound of oiled butter, work it well together with the gravy, warm it a little and add cochineal to color it; then press into small pots, and pour melted suet over each.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Take one quart of milk, or water if milk cannot be had, and after boiling it, stir in eight tablespoonfuls of dry potato starch, in the same way as Indian meal is made into hasty pudding. Add a small lump of butter while the mixture is hot, and stir briskly but carefully till the starch is thoroughly diffused and deprived of its lumpiness. Make a custard, and add the starch as above prepared, and bake as you do a tapioca pudding, and you will have an article, which, although an imitation, will be an excellent substitute for the real.

BUCKWHEAT PORRIDGE.—Take one quart of rich, new milk; boil it briskly, and stir in, very gradually, as much meal as will bring it to the consistence of thick, stiff mush; add one teaspoonful of salt, and one tablespoonful of butter, not more. In five minutes after it has become thick enough, take it from the fire. Serve while hot, and eat with butter and sugar or honey, or with butter and molasses.

SWEETBREADS LARDED.—Parboil two sweetbreads; when cold, lard them down the middle with little bits of bacon, then with slices of lemon-peel on each side, and then with small pieces of pickled cucumber. Stew them gently in rich gravy thickened with flour; add mushroom catsup to taste, and the squeeze of a lemon.

TO CLEAN BRASS.—If brass is corroded with oxide—green or black—it can be removed by rubbing it with some diluted acid, such as sulphuric. This is rubbed on the brass with a cloth or sponge, and the brass then washed in hot water. After this the brass must be well rubbed with rotten-stone and sweet oil, and finished with whiting or tripoli. Some persons use oxalic acid dissolved in water, instead of sulphuric acid for the above named purpose, and it is indeed more convenient, but it is very poisonous, and is therefore dangerous to keep in houses where there are children.

TO TAKE RUST OUT OF STEEL.—Cover the steel with sweet oil, well rubbed on it; in two days use unslacked lime, finely powdered, to rub until the rust disappears. To take iron stains out of a marble chimney-piece: Mix in a bottle an equal quantity of fresh spirit of vitriol and lemon juice; shake this well; wet the spots, and, in a few minutes, rub with soft linen until they disappear.

The Olio.

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL.

You crowded school—small feet too closely pent—
Borne forth the [illegible] with sudden pop,
And deceive the street in foaming merriment,
They run and roll, they tumble, jump and hop—
[illegible] a boy—
Each girl a rainbow-colored, dancing drop
[illegible]
[illegible]
Nature for her great gladness finds a vent;
While we, encased in custom's iron whims,
And [illegible], see children still,
[illegible]
And slowly grows the angel there—until
We forget our things, to seek the finer day.

—*N. Y. Tribune.*

SINGULAR OPTICAL ILLUSION.—The Paris correspondent of the N. Y. Times, states that a gentleman living in Brussels, somewhat troubled by cobwebs and spots in his eyes, rubbed them one night with a few drops of extract of belladonna. In the morning the cobwebs had gone, but the whole outer face of the world had changed. His newspaper, which had been placed by his bedside, was composed of type so small that he could hardly decipher it. He rang the bell, and his stout serving wench had shrunk into a thin little girl of ten years. He got up in a great fright and looked after his clothing—they were the garments of a child, but as his own limbs had diminished in proportion, he easily got into them. He found his wife and children at the table, the former a dwarf, and the latter a row of dolls. He hurried off to his physician; the horses he met looked like dogs, and dogs like rats. Everything thing was Lilliput and Cinderella. Lotions were applied to the victim's eyes, and the next day Brobdignag returned, bringing back the cobwebs and spots. This phenomenon, called *microptic*, does not seem to have occurred more than half-a-dozen times, though it may be brought on at will by the employment of certain substances.

A CURE FOR SCROFULA.—Nicholas Longworth, the famous millionaire and wine-grower of Cincinnati, publishes the following cure for scrofula:

Put 2 oz. of Aquafortis on a plate, on which you have two copper cents. Let it remain from 18 to 24 hours. Then add 4 oz. of clear strong vinegar. Put cents and all in a large mouthed bottle, and keep it corked. Begin by putting 4 drops in a teaspoonful of water, and apply it to the sore. Make the application three times a day, with a soft hair pencil, or made of soft rags. If very painful, put more water. As the sore heals apply weaker.

I request editors, in all parts of the Union and abroad, to copy this, and to republish it quarter yearly; it may save many lives.

N. LONGWORTH.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Nov. 18, 1854.

P. S. Captain Harkness, of our city, was the first person cured by this remedy, applied without water, and he informed me that he thought it would burn his leg off; but the next day it was cured. His was a small sore and had been attended to for months by one of the best physicians, without any benefit.

GENIUS.—Dr. Johnson fell into the views of Locke with respect to Genius, which he insists was nothing more than the powers of a man naturally vigorous, accidentally directed to some particular channel. But though no one arrives at perfection in any art without practice and pains, yet it is contrary to all experience to assert that there are not very remarkable powers granted by nature to some persons which are not granted to others, and which no pains or practice on the part of the ungifted could attain to. And as to genius, so far from being the peculiar direction of vigorous intellectual power, we often find it united with conspicuous deficiency of power, except in the one point in which the gifted individual excels.

PHILOSOPHY OF FATIGUE.—Mere attention is an act of volition. Thinking implies more than this, and a still greater and more constant exercise of volition. It is with the mind as it is with the body. When the volition is exercised there is fatigue; there is none otherwise; and in proportion as the will is more exercised, so is the fatigue greater. The muscles of the heart acts sixty or seventy times in a minute, and the muscles of respiration eighteen or twenty times in a minute, for seventy or eighty, or in some rare instances even for a hundred, successive years; but there is no feeling of fatigue. The same amount of muscular exertion under the influence of volition induces fatigue in a few hours.—*Popular Inquirer.*

DANGER OF IDLENESS.—It is no overstatement to say that, other things being equal, the man who has the greatest amount of intellectual resources, is in the least danger from inferior temptations; if for no other reason, because he has fewer idle moments. The ruin of most men dates from some vacant hour. Occupation is the armor of the soul, and the train of Idleness is borne up by all the vices. I remember a satirical poem, in which the devil is represented as fishing for men, and adapting his baits to the taste and temperament of his prey; but the Idler, he said, pleased him most, because he bit at the naked hook.—*George Hillard.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 55 letters.
My 1, 9, 11, 19, 6, is a county in Ohio.
My 2, 23, 11, 7, is a county in Indiana.
My 3, 2, 1, 35, is a town in Indiana.
My 4, 21, 8, 16, 1, is a town in Indiana.
My 5, 6, 15, 13, 17, 9, is a county in Kentucky.
My 7, 16, 7, is a town in Massachusetts.
My 10, 20, 21, 12, 17, 2, 11, 15, 9, is a county in [illegible].
My 11, 21, 2, 1, 21, 4, is a county in Georgia.
My 19, 13, 8, 16, 6, is a county in Virginia.
My 20, 2, 4, 5, is a county in Ohio.
My 22, 21, 19, 18, is a county in Virginia.
My 14, 3, 10, 13, 17, is a county in Maryland.
My whole is one of the most useful of all [illegible].

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 53 letters.
My 31, 3, 53, 20, 17, 6, is what most persons daily [illegible].
My 10, 6, 17, 2, 27, 2, is a tribe of Indians.
My 8, 35, 37, 29, is what merchants like to receive.
My 40, 4, 37, caused a great deal of trouble.
My 16, 23, 19, 19, 5, announces the approach of [illegible] fair reign.
My 1, 2, 11, 53, is what no man is.
My 6, 13, 11, 18, 21, 43, 7, 33, 15, is the handsomest astronomer.
My 25, 44, 4, 21, 31, is a game of chance.
My 39, 30, 8, 11, is part of a bird's body.
My 17, 10, 37, is a certain weight.
My 11, 13, 11, is a carriage.
My 49, 7, 27, is the name of a quadruped.
My 11, 8, 2, 47, is a very troublesome insect.
My 47, 19, 18, 15, 27, adds beauty to this world.
My 32, 7, 21, 21, is a cape.
My 12, 19, 19, 2, 11, 11, is what we poor mortals are [illegible] to in this world.
My 22, 48, 16, is an article which caused a great deal of trouble.
My 23, 11, 27, 45, 11, 37, is what we should all endeavor to do.
My 40, 42, 20, 16, is a noted volcano.
My 29, 51, 23, 49, is a portion of time.
My 49, 51, 12, 31, 36, 20, is the name of a celebrated Indian.
My 16, 9, 21, 1, 40, 3, is something sacred.
My 29, 35, 49, is a great curse to mankind.
My 3, 22, 31, 26, 51, 37, was one of the greatest [illegible] the world ever produced.
My 16, 46, 44, 13, 41, is a decomposed substance.
My 53, 30, 50, 29, 40, was an ancient tribe named [illegible] their painted bodies.
My whole is the name and situation of a noted [illegible] school in one of the Northern States.

GEORGE E. WIMI[illegible]

VOLTAIRE'S RIDDLE.

What is the longest, and yet the shortest thing in the world; the swiftest and the most slow; the most divisible, and the most extended; the least valued, and the most regretted; without which nothing can be done; which devours everything, however small, and yet gives life and spirit to every object, however great?

GRAMMATICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am a surname, common in the United States, composed of eight letters in two syllables. By transposing and uniting my parts in different proportions, you can make me 78 English words, of which 2 are articles, 33 are common nouns, and one proper noun; two numeral adjectives, three adverbs, three conjunctions, three prepositions, one interjection, and eight pure verbs.

Butte des Morts. D. W. C. CHUR[illegible]

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A speaks truth 4 times in 7. B 3 times in 8, and C twice out of 3 times. What is the chance of a statement being true which A and B assert and C denies?

Pennington. J. B.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a tobacco chewer like a grate in an oven? Ans.—Because he is always on the spit.

☞ Why is a leg of mutton like a quadrille? Ans.—Because it's a good accompaniment to capers.

☞ Why is a dance at college a goose in more than one? Ans.—Because he's sure to get plucked.

☞ "Why is a sempstress like a magnet?"
"Kase she have bright eyes."
"No."
"Dunno, then."
"Kase she sticks to the needle."

☞ Why is a man who has not a penny in his pocket like a person taking ninety-nine pennies for a [illegible]? Ans.—Because he is a penniless.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Ellen [illegible] Chandler. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—[illegible] University. CHARADE.—[illegible]. CHARADE.—Cargoes. PROBLEM.—[illegible]